

THE
JEALOUS
LOVERS.

A
Comédie presented to
their gracious Majesties at
C A M B R I D G E,
by the Students of
Trinity-Colledge.

Written by THOMAS RANDOLPH,
Master of Arts, and Fellow
of the House.

— — — Valeat res ludicra, si me
Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.



¶ Printed by the Printers to the Universitie of
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СИАН
СУОЛАН
БЯКУЧА

of beginning studies in

the English language.

LECTURES

On English grammar

and composition.

and also on English literature.

By H. H. Hartmann

Second edition

Illustrated by numerous

examples from English literature.

TRANSLATED

BY J. R. GREEN

WITH A HISTORY OF ENGLAND

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS

To the Right Worshippull

Mr. Dr. COMBER,
Dean of Carleil, Vicechancellour of
the Universitie of Cambridge, and
Master of Trinity-Colledge.

Right Worshipfull,

Have observed in private families, that the carefull father disposing of his children to several imployments, sends some to school, some to his plough, some to his flocks, while perchance the youngest, as uncapable of greater busnesse, has the libertie to play in his hall. So is it in our Society (which joyfully acknowledges you our carefull and indulgent parent) those of stronger abilities, more reading, and longer experience, are busied some in one, some in another of the graver and more serious studies: while I, the last of that learned Body, am task'd to these lighter exercises. Accept, Sir, a thing born at your command, and preserved by your patronage. Not but that I vow the fruits of my more precious houres to your service: for when I consider the magnificence of our buildings, the riches of our endowments, the great examples of those before me, and all these bless'd in your auspicious government; I finde a fire kindled in my breast, whose flame aims higher, and tells me, so glorious a hive the royall Founders meant not to shelter drones. So wishing our whole Body long happy in so provident a Governor, I rest, what my oath and peculiar ingagements have bound me to be,

Tours devoted in all dutifull observance,

Th. Randolph.

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TO THE READER

Courteous Reader,

IBeg thy pardon, if I put thee to the expence of a sixpence, and the losse of an houre. If I could by my own industrie have furnished the desires of my friends, I had not troubled the Presse. 'Tis no opinion of the worth that wrought me to it; if I finde thee charitable, I acknowledge my self beholding to thee: if thou condemne it of weaknesse, I cannot be angry to see another of my minde. I do not aim at the name of a Poet, I have alwaies admired the free raptures of poetries; but it is too unthrifly a science for my fortunes, and is crept into the number of the seven, to undo the other six. That I make so many dedications, think not that I value it as a present rich enough to be divided; but know whom I am in pietie bound to honour. That I admit so many of my friends approbations, is not that I itch'd for praise and love -- rubbing, but that I was willing thou shouldest have something worth thy reading. Be to me as kinde as my audience, who when they might have us'd their censures, made choice of their mercies: and so I must acknowledge my self indebted to thy clemencie. I confess no heights here, no strong conceits; I speak the language of the people.

—Neque si quis scribit, uti nos,

Sermoni propiora, putas hunc esse poetam.
No, bestow the honour of that glorious title on those that have abler wits, diviner inventions, and deeper mouths:
Leave me to the privacie of my studies, and accept for thy unknown friend

T. R.

To

To that compleat and noble Knight,
Sir KENELM DIGBIE.

Sir, when I look on you, me thinks I see
To the full height, how perfect man may be.
Sure all the Arts did court you, and you were
So courteous as to give to each their share,
While we lie lock'd in darkness, night and day.
Wasting our fruitless oyl and time away,
Perchance for skill in Grammar, and to know
Whether this word be thus declin'd or no.
Another cheats himself, perchance to be
A pretty youth, forsooth, in fallacie :
This on Arithmetick doth hourly lie,
To learn the first great blessing, —Multiply.
That travels in Geometry, and tires,
And he above the world a map admires.
This dotes on Musicks most harmonious chime,
And studying how to keep it, loses time.
One turns o're histories, and he can show
All that has been, but knows not what is now.
Many in Physick labour, most of these
Lose health, to know the name of a disease.
Some (too high wife) are gazing at a starre,
And if they call it by his name, they are
In heaven already. And another one,
That cries Melpomene, and drinks Helicon,
At Poetic throws wit and wealth away,
And makes it all his work to write a play.
Nay, on Divinity many spend their powres,
That scarce learn any thing, but to stand two houres.
How must we, Sir, admire you then, that know
All Arts, and all the best of these can show ?
For your deep skill in State, I cannot say,
My knowledge there is onely to obey :
But I beleive 'tis known to our best Peeres,
Amaz'd to see a Nestor at your yeares.
Mars claims you too, witness the Gallion,
That felt your thunder-bolts at Scanderon,

When

When Neptune frighted let his Trident fall,
And bid his waves call you their Generall.
How many men might you divide your store
Of vertues to, and yet not leave you poore,
Though enrich them? Stay here. How dare I then
To such an able judgement show my pen?
But 'tis, Sir, from a Muse that humbly prayes,
You'll let her ivie wait upon your bayes.

Your admiring servant, T. R.

¶ To the truely noble Knight
Sir CHRISTOPHER HATTON.

TO you (whose recreations, Sir, might be
Others imployments, whose quick soul can see
There may, besides a hawk, good sport be found,
And musick heard, although without a hound)
I send my Muse. Be pleas'd to heare her strain
When y' are at truce with time. 'Tis a low vein.
But were her breast intrag'd with holier fire,
That she could force, when she but touch'd her lyre,
The waves to leap above their clifts, dull earth
Dance round the centre, and create new birth
In every Element, and out-charm each Spheare,
'Twere but a lesson worthy such an eare.

T. R.

¶ To his honoured Friend,
Mr. Anthony Stafford.

Sir, had my Muse gain'd leisure to conferre
With your sharp judgement, e're I ventur'd her
On such an audience, that my Comedie
Had suffer'd by thy Obelisk, and thee;
It needed not of just applause despair,
Because those many blots had made it fair.
I now implore your mercy to my pen,
That should have rather begg'd your rigour then.

T. R.
Colondif-

*Colenassimo viro, & juris municipalis peritus sumo,
Magistro Richardo Lane.*

Sir, if the Term be done, and you can finde
Leisure to heare my suit, pray be so kinde
To give this toy such courteous acceptation,
As to be made your client ith' vacation.
Then if they say I break the Comick laws,
I have an advocate can plead my cause.

T. R.

*Venerabili viro Magistro Olboston, preceptoris suo
semper observanda.*

SI bene quid scripsi, tibi debeo; si male quicquam,
Hac erit in vitiis maxima culpa meis.
Nanfragium mernit, qui non bene navigat aquor,
Cui tu Piäridum per freta Typhis eras.

T. R.

To his deare friend, Thomas Riley.

IWill not say I on our stage have seen
A second Roscius, that too poore had been:
But I have seen a Proteus, that can take
What shape he please, and in an instant make
Himself to any thing; be chat, or this,
By voluntary metamorphosis.
When thou dost act, men think it not a play;
But all they see is reall: O that day,
(When I had cause to blush that this poore thing
Did kisse a queens hand, and salute a king.)
How often had I lost thee? I could finde
One of thy stature, but in every kinde
Alter'd from him I knew; nay, I in thee
Could all professions, and all passions see.

¶ ¶

When

When thou art pleas'd to act an angry part,
Thou fright'st the audience, and with nimble art
Turn'd Lover, thou dost that so lively too,
Men think that Cupid caught thee how to woe.
T'express thee all would ask a better pen;
Thou art, though little, the whole mappe of men,
In deeper knowledge and Philosophie
Thou truly art what others seem to be,
Whose learning is all face: as 'twere thy fate
There not to act, where most do personate.
All this in one so small; nature made thee
To shew her cunning in epitomie;
While others (that seem giants in the arts,
Such as have stronger limbes, but weaker parts)
Are like a volume, that contains less in't,
And yet looks big, 'cause 'tis a larger print.
I should my self have too ungrateful shown,
Sent I not thee my books? — Take's, 'tis thine own:
For thus farre my confession shall be free;

I writ this Comedic, but 'twas made by thee.

The true friend, T. R.

Amico suo charissimo, ingeniosissimo, T. Randolpho,
liberum de ejus Comœdia judicium.

AUdebit proprios negare odores
Myrrha fasciculus, suāque mellā
Mendicare medulla suavitatis,
Prīus quām his Veneres dēfō eridat,
Quā se placidos ferunt Amorti.
Eternum vigeat, digno amore
Quōd quis lapides loquunt, istis his dūci atropapētū
Iam jam apium Tumulo fōrē libellū.
En nōster bona verba portat Anthonz,
Illas vult dare, quas recepit, **antua**,
Ridenses, nivēoque perjosoſa
Vincentes Charitas nitore frontis.

Amores

*Amores simul elegantissimi
Ad partus properare tum putatis;
Quum risus popularis, & theatri
Planus suppeditatur oblitetricem.*

DEsert keeps close, when they that write by gueſſie,
Scatter their scribbles, and invade the preſie.
Stage Poets ('tis their hard, yet common hap)
Break out like thunder, though without a clap.
Here 'tis not ſo; there's nothing now comes forth,
Which hath not for a licence its own worth.
No ſwagg'ring-tearms, no taunts; for 'tis not right,
To think that onely toothſome which can bite.
See how the Lovers come in Virgin die,
And Rosie bluſh, enigmes of moideſtie,
Though once beheld by ſuch with that content,
They need not fear others diſparagement.
But I'le not tell their fortune, what e'ret be,
Thou muſt needs knoƿt, if ſkil'd in Palmeſtrie.
Thus muſh, where King applauds, I dare be bold
To ſay, 'Tis Pettie-treafon to withhold.

Edward Hide.

To his deareſt friend the Author, after he had
reviſed his Comedie.

The more I thiſ thy maſter-piece perule,
The more thou ſeem'ſt to wrong thy noble Muſic,
And thy free Genius: If thiſ were mine, and no man's elſe,
A moideſt envie would bid me confine,
It to my ſtudie, or the Criticks court,
And not make that the vulgar peoples ſpoſt,
Which gave ſuch ſweet delight unto the King,
Who censur'd it not as a common thing,
Though thou haſt made it publick to the view,
Of ſelf-love, malice, and that other crue.
It were moſe fit it ſhould impaled lie.

Within the walls of some great librarie;
That if by chance through injurie of time,
Aristophanes. Plautus, and Terence, and that * fragrant thyme
Of Attick wit should perish; we might see
All those reviv'd in this one comedie.
The Jealous Lovers, Pander, Gull, and Whore,
The doting Father, Shark, and many more
Thy scene doth represent unto the life,
Beside the character of a certe wife:
So truly given, in so proper stile,
As if thy active soul had dwelt a while
In each mans body; and at length had seen
How in their humours they themselves demean.
I could commend thy jests, thy lines, thy plot,
Had I but tongues enow, thy names; what not?
But if our Poets, praising other men,
Wish for an hundred tongues; what want we then
When we praise Poets? This I'le onely say,
This work doth crown thee Laureat to day.
In other things how all, we all know well,
Onely in this thou doft thy self excell.

Edward Francess.

To his deare friend M^r. Thomas Randolph, on
his Comedy called, The Jealous Lovers.

Friend, I must grieve your poems injur'd be
By that rare vice in poets, Modeftie.
If you dislike the issues of your pen,
You have invention, but no judgement then.
You able are to write, but 'tis as true,
Those that were there can judge as well as you.
You onely think your gold adulterate, but
When every scale of judgement findes it weight,
And every touchstone perfect. This I'le say,
You contradict the name of your own plays.
You are no lover of the lines you writ,
Yet you are jealous still of your own wit.

Rich. Benefield, T.C.

*To his ingenuous friend, the Author, concerning
his Comedy.*

THe Muses (Tom) thy Jealous Lovers be,
Striving which has the greatest share in thee,
Euterpe calls thee hers, such is thy skill
In pastorall sonnets, and in rurall quill.
Melpomene claims thee for her own, and cries,
Thou haft an excellent vein for elegies.
'Tis true; but then Calliope disdains,
Urging thy fancy in heroick strains.
Thus all the nine: Apollo by his laws
Sits judge in person to decide the cause:
Beholds thy Comedy, approves thy art,
And so gives sentence on Thalia's part.
To her he dooms thee onely of the nine;
What though the rest with jealousie repine?
Then let thy Comedie, Thalia's daughter,
Begin to know her mother Muse by laughter.
Out with't, I say, smother not this thy birth,
But publish to the world thy harmlesse mirth.
No fretting frontispece, nor biting Satyre
Needs usher't forth: born tooth'd? fie, 'tis 'gainst nature.
Thou hadst th' applause of all: King, Queen, and Court,
And University, all lik't thy sport.
No blunt preamble in a Cynick humour
Need quarrell at dislike, and spight of rumour
Force a more candid censure, and extort
An approbation, maugre all the court.
Such rude and snarling prefaces suit not thee,
They are superfluous: for thy Comedie,
Backt with it's own worth, and the authours name,
Will finde sufficient welcome, credit, fame.

James Duport.

Randolpho suo.

A Nqueram monumenta firmiora
Nostris nominis ut super sit atas,
Cum scriptus legar in tuo libello,
Et tecum similis futurus avi,
Qui jam vita clavis Schola, & Theatri?
Nolo. Marmor erit mihi poeta.
Mausolea mibi mei Menandri
O quam eterna satis liber perennis!
Non quaram monumenta firmiora
Nostris nominis ut super sit atas.

Thom. Riley.

A Gmine non tanto paupertas multa beatam
Divitis, & pransam vexat ubique domum:
Quot tua quotidie pulsarunt limina Charta;
Fervidus à tergo & quisque rogator adest.
Prodeat audacter, repetitaque vulnera prali
Fabula, qua meruit sustinisse, ferat.
Non horret tantum tua Musa, aut mutat, ut effet
Turpior ornatu Rustica nymphæ suo.

Car. Fotherbie, J.G.

T Amico sua ingeniosissimo
THOM. RANDOLPH.

F Ingito zelotypos, quos pulchre fingis, amores;
Sed nil de Musa suspicionis habe.
Faet dominam ut plures nōrint, & adultera fiet;
Musa, licet fuerit publica, casta manet.

Fr. Meares.

Fratri

Fratti suo Thom. Randolph.

Non satis est quod te dederit natura priorem,
Ni simul & natu major, & arte fores?

Illa sciens noster quam non sit magnus agellus,
Ingenio tenuis jure rependit opes.

Ro. Randolph. æd. Chr. Oxon.

Authori.

HEI mihi! quos fluctus, quod tentas aquor, amice?

Queis te jactandum das malefanus aquis?

Irritata juvat quid possit lectio scire?

Æmula vel de te dicere lingua velit?

I felix, oculos dudum prædatus, & aures,

Censurámque ipsam sub juga mitte gravem.

Qui meruit C A R O L O plausum spectante, popello

Non est cur metuat displicuisse rudi.

Dirige victorem captivo Cesare currum,

Augeat & titulos victa M A R I A tuos :

Triste supercilium lavo nictantis ocello

Mitte sibi: Momis est placuisse nefas.

Thom. Vincent.

Drama-

Dramatis personæ.

Tyndarus, sonne of Demetrius, and supposed brother to
Pamphilus, inamour'd of Evadne.
Pamphilus, supposed sonne to Demetrius, but sonne indeed to
Chremylus.
Evadne, supposed daughter of Chremylus.
Tecknessa, daughter to Chremylus.
Demetrius, an Athenian in the disguise of an Astrologer.
Chremylus, an old man.
Dypsa, his wife.
Sime, an old doting father.
Asorus, his prodigall sonne.
Ballio, a Pandar, and Tutor to Asorus.
Phryne, a Courtesan; and Mistresse to Asorus.
Phronesimus, a merry chambermaid.
Hyperbolus, two souldiers.
Thrasimachus, two Poets.
Bomelochus, Charitus,
A Sexton:
Staphyla, his wife.
Paganus, a Page.
A Priest.
Officers.
Servants.

The Scene

Thebes.

The
Jealous Lovers.

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

Sime.



Ow thrives my boy Asotus? Is he capable
Of your grave precepted Ball, Sir. Lucifer met
A quicke brain, a wits noest and spruce.
Well, -- get thee home old Simeongo and kneel:
Fall on thy aged knees, and thank the gods
Th' hast got a boy of wax, fit to receive
Any impressions. *Afot.* As I am a Gentleman,
And first of all our family, you wrong me, Dad,
To take me for a dunce. *Sime.* No, good Alonso,
It is thy fathers care, a provident care,
That wakes him from his sleeps to think of these.
And when I brooding sit upon my bags,
And every day turn o're my heaps of gold,
Each piece I finger makes me start, and cry,
This, this, and this, and this is for Asotus.

Afot. Take this, and this, and this again;
Can you not be content to give me money,
But you must hit me in the teeth with't? *Sime.*
Ball. Nay, good Asotus, such a loving father
That does not bless you with a sweaty palm
Clap't on your head, or some unfruitful prayer;
But layes his blessings out in gold and silver.

A

Fine

Fool. What say you? will he be hanged? Mr. Pritchard Ballio.
Pritchard Ballio. Gold and silver, and yellow blemishes,

If he would leave his pruning. Simo. Do you hear him?

How sharp and tart his answers are? Old Simo,
Th' hast got a witty witty wappe, yet deare one,
When I behold the vastnesse of my treasure,
How large my coffers, yet how cramb'd with wealth,
That every talent sweateth as in a crowd,
And giveth sweat at the prison, but the narrownesse.

Afor. If I make not room for 'um, ne'ret trust me.

Simo. When I see this, I cannot choose but fear
Thou canst not find out whys evew to spende.
They will out-vie thy pleasures. Bell. Few such fathers!
I cannot choose but think your bearded, and wonder,
That having so much wealth, you have the wit
To understand for whom you goe at.

And I have so muche wit to understand
It must be spent, and shall boyes. Simo. Pray never it may!
Afor. I'll live to spend it all, and then — perhaps I'll die,
And will not leave the purchase of a sheet,
Or buy a rotten coffin. Bell. Yes, deare Pupill, yod a tog ill'd
Buy me an urn, while yet we taught and lived,
It shall contain our drink, and when we die
It may preserve our dancs 'tis fit our ashes
Should take a nap there, where they took their liquor.

Simo. Sage counsell this — Observe it boy — observe it.

Afor. I live in Thebes, yet I dare fweare all Athens,
Affords not such a Tutor? thou may'st read
To all the young heires — in town or cide.

Simo. Ah Ballio! I have liv'd a dunghill wretch,
Grown poore by getting riches, mine own torture,
A rust unto my self, as to my gold,
To pile up idle treasure starv'd my body,
Thus, to a wrinckled skin, and rotten bones,
And spider-like have spun a web of gold
Out of my bowels; cheily knew the care,
But not the use of gold — Now, genle Ballio,

I would not have my sonnes so loath'd a thing:
No, let him live and spend, and buy his pleasures
At any rate. Reade to him gentle Ballie.
Where are the daintiest meates, the brisket, wingers,
The costliest gardenes? Let him ride and wrench;
But with the fairest, be she wife or daughter
To our best Burgess; and if Tho'nes be scarce,
Buy me all Corinth for him! — Whead sleep
Within my quiet grave, I shall have dreams,
Fine pleasant dreams, as think, with how much pleasure
A lotus spendeth what I wish care have got.

A/s. Sure I were a most ungracious childe now,
If I should spoil the dreams of a dead Father.
Sleep when thou will within thy quiet bourn,
And thou shall dream such dreams as I have planned
Incircled round with Doves, plump, and dairies,

Sim. How thrives my boy!—How forward in his studies?

Ball. Troch—with much industry I have brought him now
That he is grown—past drinking! *Saw* *How* *man*? past drinking?

Ball. I mean, he is ~~not~~ ~~now~~ perfect, in that science, ~~but~~ ~~now~~ ~~he~~ ~~knows~~ ~~a~~ ~~little~~

Sim. But will he not forget? *Af.* No, I warrant you, I know I shan't forget, because it's morning.

Sir. How feeds my boy? Ball. Truth well: I never met

A stomach of more valour, or a ~~poor~~ Of such judicious knowledge. *Sims.* Can he wench? ha?

Ball. To say the truth—~~but~~ awfully. *Miss Rawly?* —I'm sure I have already made my Dad a Grandfather.

To give and help — if I can do so
Out of mere charity people all the Hospitals.

With my stray babes, then gild me— *Woo, too, too, Parthen-*
That bribes me not to smear it. *Bel!* Then for the *Bis-*

He throws it with such art, so powerfully, that it seems to fly.

That had you left him nothing, that one my little
Were a sufficient portion. — *As you Will you see me?*

Set me a bag. These were an Usurper's honest.

Batt. In this behold what frailty lives in man:

**He that rub'd out a life to gather trash,
Is after death turn'd prodigal.** *Sime. Throw, Aforus.*

A so. Then have at all, — and 'twere a million. — All Fortune was kindē, the precious dirt is mine.

Sus. And take it boy, and this— And this beside,
And 'cause desert may challenge a reward,
This for your pains, doare Balliol. *Ball.* My endeavour,
Although to my best power, — also — come short
Of any merit; Sir you make me blash[...]
And this reward beweishes my insufficiency.
Pray urge it not. *Sus.* A modest — honest — honest man;
I'll double it will faith I will — I am from now for to make
The joyfull'st father! *Ball.* See how the goodman weeps!

Afor. So he will wet his gold away, no master. *Scold*

Sym. Come hither come, come I will kiss thy bonny bairn.

A so. There's a sweet kiss indeed; this *do want* *to* *obligion!*
A Tutor; had you had my education you would well *wis-*
You would have ta he me by the lillie hand, *dwit* *you*
Their gazzet's white upon my fleshing eyes, *dwit* *in woe* *and I*
As wondering at the loss of their orbe; *dwit* *mean I* *ll*
Then humbly begin singinge strow'd with flowers, *dwit* *and*
To taste the cherries of my ruby lippes, *dwit* *I wond I*
*God-a-mercy for this, Tutor! *Sir.* I am o'rejoy'd, I am o'rejoy'd.*
*Now this is it, *Sir,* I wond if yonder wold *Sir.**

SCEN. PI

Ballot. 100% of the county - Rawlins - 1,000,000
OC 100% Inglissons - Rawlins - 2,000,000
S.W. Custer - 1,000,000

A so. V Ell, go thy ways! I may have a thousand fathers,
And never have the like—Well pockets, well,
Be not so sad; though you are heavy now,
You shall be lighter. *Bass.* Pupil, I must tell you this;
I do repent the loss of those good hours,
And would call back the study I have lost.
In morall Alchyme, *as a Master & Gentleman*,
Almost out of my sight; Still do I remember
So much of peasant in you! *A so. Antigonus, Tuccear*

Ball. Teem'd my Invention all this while for this? .

No better issue of my labouring brain,
After so many and such painfull throe's?
Another sinne like this, and be transform'd
Meere clown again. *Afor.* The reason, deare Instructour,

Ball. Have I not open'd to you all the mysteries,
The precise rules, and axiomes of Gentilitie?
And all methodicall? Yet you still so dull,
As not to know you print eternall stains
Upon your honour, and corrupt your bloud
(That cost me many a minute the refining)
By carrying your own money? See these Breeches,
A pair of worthy, rich, and reverent Breeches,
Lost to the fashion by a lump of drossie.
I'll be your baillife rather. *Afor.* Our infection.

Ball. Who, that beheld those hole, could e're suspect
They would be guilty of mechanick mettall?
What's your vocation? Trade you for your self?
Or else whose Journeyman, or Prentice are you?

Afor. Pardon me, *Tubur*: for I do repent,
And do protest hereafter I will never
Weare any thing that jingles—but my spurres.

Ball. This is gentle. *Afor.* A way mechanick trash:
I'll kick thee sonne of earth—Thus will I kick thee,
For torturing my poore fathur—Distray me
I do abandon thee. *Ball.* Blest be thy generous roogoo.
But who comes here? This office must be mine;
I'll make you fair account of every deachme.

Afor. I'll ne'er endure the trouble of account;
Say all is spent,—and then we must have more.

SCEN. III.

Tyndarus, Aforus, Ballio.

Tyn. What Fury shot a viper through my soule
To poison all my thoughts? Civill dissencion
Warres in my bloud: here Love with thousand bowes
And twenty thousand arrows layes his siege.

The Merchant of Venice

To my poore heart; which, man'd with nought but fear,
Denies the great god entrance. O Evadne!
Canst thou that risest fairer then the morn,
Set blacker then the evening? — Weak jealousie! —
Did er'e thy prying and suspitious sight
Finde her lippe guilty of a wanton smile?
Or one lascivious glance dart from her eyo?
The blushes of her cheeks are innocent,
Her carriage sober, her discourses all chaste;
No toyish gesture, no desire so see
The publick shows, or haue the Theatre.
She is no popular Mistresse, all her kisses
Do speak her Virgin, such a bashfull beast
At severall tides ebbes, flowers, flowers, ebbes again,
As 'twere afraid to meete our wiles; stand
But if all this be cunning, (as who knows?) and I credulous fool
The sleights of Sirens? and I credulous fool
Train'd by her songs to sink in her embraces;
I were undone for ever. — Watched by Adonis!

Afor. Ha, ha, ha, he. This iah arane Concombe,
That's jealous of his wife ere he-ha's gother, —
And thinks himself a Cuckold before marriage.

Balto. Want of a Tutor makes unbridled youth
Run wildeley into passions. You have got your prouerbs now
A skilfull Pilot? thought I say it, Pipill
One that will steer both you, and your estate
Into safe harbour. — Pray, observe his humours.

Tyn. Away foul sin. *This is Adelina to suspect*.
A devil lodg'd in flesh divinity, —
Call now unchaste, and say the ice is wanton,
If she be so. No, my Evadne,
I know thy soul as beautuous as thy face,
That glorious outside which all eyes adore,
Is but the fair shome of a fater saint; —
O pardon me thy penitent infidell! —
By thy faire eyes (from whom this little world
Borrows that light it has) I henceforth vow,

Never

Never to think sinne can be grown so bold
As to assault thy soul. *Afot.* This fellow, Tutour; he liveth
Waxes and wanes a hundred times in a minuite: *Chremylus.*
In my conscience he was got in the change o'th' Moon.

SCEN. III.

Chremylus, Dypſas, Afotus, Ballio,
Tyndarus.

Dyp. Rot in thy grave, thou dotard, I defie thee,
Curst be our day of marriage: shall I nurse
And play the mother to another's brat?
And she to nose my daughter? — Take Evadne,
Your pretty-precious-by-blow-fair Evadne,
The minion of the town: go — and provide her
A place i'th' Spittle. *Chrem.* Gentle wife, have patience.

Dyp. Let them have patience that can have patience,
For I will have no patience — S'lid. Patience? patience?

Chrem. You know her daughter to our dearest friend:
And should my sonne committed to his care
Thus suffer as the poore Evadne does?
The gods were just so to revenge her wrongs.

Dyp. I will not have my house afflicted with her;
She ha's more suitours than a pretty wench in an Universitie.
While my daughter ha's leisure enough to follow her needle.

Chrem. Wife, I must tell you y're a peevish woman.
Dyp. And I must tell you y're an arrant Coxcombe
To tell me so. My daughter nos'd by a slut?

Afot. There will be a quarrell, Tutour do you take
The old mans part, I am o'th' womans side.

Chrem. Were every vein in poore Evadne fill'd
With blond deriv'd from those, whose ancestours
Transmitted in that bloud a hate to us,
A lineall hate to all our family;
Yet trusted to my care she is my daughter,
And shall share equall blessings with mine own.

Dyp. Then a perpetuall noise shall fill thy house,

I will not let thee sleep, nor eat, nor drink; no such quiete have I
But I will torture thee with a peal of chiding. And yet shall it be? A
Thou shalt confess the troubled sea more calms.
That thunder with lesse violence cleaves the aire.
The ravens, schreech-owls, and the mandrakes voice
Shall be thy constant musick! — I can talk?
Thy friends that come to see thee, shall grow deaf
With my loud clamours. Heaven be prais'd for tongue,
No woman in all Thebes is better weapon'd:
And 't shall be sharper; or were any member
Not dead besides my tongue, I would employ it.
In thy just torment. I am next to think, on such a day as this,
My best revenge age hath prevented now,
Else every man should read it in thy brow.

Chrem. I will not wind you up, deare larum: Go,
Run out your line at length, and so be quiet. *Exit Chremylus.*

Scolding Frenchman *T* HAT'S ENOUGH, SIR, ENOUGH, ENOUGH, ENOUGH,

Scolding Frenchman *T* HAT'S ENOUGH, SIR, ENOUGH, ENOUGH, ENOUGH,

Dypas, Tyndarus, Asotus, Ballio.

Tyn. **H**ere is an argument, Tyndarus, to incite
And tempt thy free neck to the yoke of Love.
Are these the joyes we reap i'th' nuptiall bed? — O gentle death,
First in thy bosome warm the snake, and call
The viper to thy arms! — O gentle death,
There is no sleep blest and secure but thine.
Wives are but fair afflictions: sure this woman
Was woo'd with protestations, oaths, and vows
As well as my Evadne, thought as fair,
As wise and vertuous as my soul speaks her.
And may not she sit play the hypocrite now? — which I hold dairly
Or after turn Apostate? — Guilty thoughts
Disturb me not. For were the sex a fiare,
Her goodness were sufficient to redeem
And ransom all from blander. *Dyp.* Gentle Sir, said Ballio
I pity the unripehesse of your age.

That

That cast your love upon a dangerous rock,
My daughter! — But I blush to owne the birth,
And curse the wombe so fruitfull to my shame.
You may be wise and happy ---or repent.

Exit Dypas.

SCEN. VI.

Tyndarus, Asotus, Ballio.

Asot. **T**HIS woman is a devil, for she hates her own children.

Ball. In what an extasie stands that grieved wight?

Asot. In troth I shall into compunction melt.

Will not a cup of Lesbian liquour rowze

His frozen spirits to agilitie?

Ball. Spoke like a sonne of Aesculapius!

Asot. My fathers angels guard thee. We have gold

To cure thy dumps, although we do not mean

It should profane these breeches. Sure his soul

Is gone upon some errand, and has left

The corps in pawn till it come back again.

Tyn. Cold jealousie, I shall account thee now

No idle passion, when the wombe that bare her

Shall plead her guile, I must forget her name.

Fly from my memory, I will drink oblivion

To loose the loath'd Evadne. *Asot.* Generous Sir,

A pottle of Elixar at the Pegasus

Bravely carouz'd is more restorative.

My Tutour shall disburse. *Tyn.* Good impertinent.

Asot. Impertinent? Impertinent in thy face.

Danger accrues upon the word Impertinent!

Tutour, draw forth thy fatall steel, and slash

Till he devoure the word Impertinent.

Ball. The word Impertinent will not beare a quartell:

The Epithite of Good hath mollified it.

Asot. We are appeas'd. — Be safe— I say— Be safe.

Tyn. Be not rash, Tyndarus. This malicious woman
May as well hate her daughter, as her husband.

I am too suddain to conclude her false
 On such sleight witness. Shall I think the Sunne
 Has lost his crown of light, because a cloud
 Or envious night hath cast a robe of darknesse
 'Twixt the worlds eye and mine? *Afot.* Canst thou, royall boy,
 Burn out the remnant of a day with me?

Tyn. I am resolv'd upon a safer triall.
 Sir, you are Courtly, and no doubt the Ladies
 Fall out about you: for those rare perfections
 Can do no lesse then ravish. *Afot.* I confess—
 I cannot walk the streets, but straight the females
 Are in a tumult— I must leave thee, Thebes,
 Left I occasion civil warres to rage
 Within thy walls— I would be loth to ruine
 My native soil. *Ball.* Sir, what with my instructions,
 He has the wooing character. *Tyn.* Could you now
 But pull the maiden-blossomes of a rose
 Sweet as the spring it buds in, fair Evadnes,
 Or gain her promise, and that grant confirm'd
 By some sleight jewell, I shall vow my self
 Indebted to the service, and live yours.

Afot. She cannot stand the fury of my siege.

Ball. At first assault he takes the female fort.

Afot. And ride, loves conquerour, through the streets of Thebes.
 I'll tell you, Sir: You would not think how many gentlemen-
 ushers have, and daily do endanger their little legs, by walking
 early and late to bring me visits from this Ladie, and that Count-
 esse. Heaven pardon the sinne! Ne're a man in this city has made
 so many chambermaids loose their voices, as I ha' done.

Tyn. As how, I pray? *Afot.* By rising in the cold night to
 let me in to their Madam. If you heare a waiting-woman cough-
 ing, follow her: she will infallibly direct you to some that has
 been a mistresse of mine.

Ball. I have read loves tactiques to him, and he knows
 The military discipline of wooing.
 To rank and file his kisises: How to muster
 His troops of complements, and— *Tyn.* I do beleive you.

Go on— return victorious. O poor heart,
What sorrows dost thou teem with! Here she comes.

SCEN. VII.

Tyndarus, Afotus, Ballio, Evadne.

Tyn. And is it possible so divine a goddesse
Should fall from heaven to wallow here in sinne
With a Babion as this is? — My Evadne,
Why should a sadness dwell upon this cheek
To blast the tender roses? spare those teares
To pitie others, thy unspotted soul.
Has not a stain in't to be wash't away
With penitent waters. Do not grieve, thy sorrows
Have forc'd mine eyes too to this womanish weaknesse.

Afot. A prety enemy. I long for an encounter.
Who would not be valiant to fight under such colours?

Evad. My lord, 'tis guilt enough in me to challenge
A sea of teares, that you suspect me guilty.
I would your just sword would so courteous be
As to unrip my heart; there you shall read
In characters bad lovers use to write,
Nothing but innocence and true faith to you.

Tyn. I have lost all distrust, seal me my pardon
In a chaste turtles kisse. The doves that draw
The rosie chariot of the Queen of love,
Shall not be link't in whiter yokes then we.
Come let us kisse, Evadne. — Our temptation!
There was too much, and that too wanton heat
In thy lascivious lip— Go to the stews,
I may perchance be now and then a customer,
But do abjure thee from my chaster sheets. *Exit Tyndarus.*

SCEN. VIII.

Evadne, Ballio, Afotus.

Evad. Then from the world abjure thy self, Evadne,
And in thy quiet death secure the thoughts

O troubled Tyndarus.—My womanish courage
 Could prompt me on to die, were not that death
 Doubled in loosing him. Th' Elysian fields
 Can be no paradise while he's not there:
 The walks are dull without him. *Afot.* Such a qualm
 O'th' sudden. *Ball.* Fie, turn'd coward? Resolution
 Is the best sword in warre. *Afot.* Then I will on,
 And boldly.— Yet— *Ball.* What? will you lose the day
 E're you begin the battell? *Afot.* Truely, Tutour,
 I have an ague takes me every day,
 And now the cold fit's on me. *Ball.* Go home and blush,
 Thou sonne of fear. *Afot.* Nay, then I'll venture on
 Were she ten thousand strong. Hail heavenly Queen
 Of beauty, most illustrious Cupids daughter
 Was not so fair. *Ball.* His mother. *Afot.* 'Tis no matter.
 The silly damsell understands no Poetrie.
 Daigne me thy lippe as blue as azure bright.

Ball. As red as ruby bright. *Afot.* What's that to th' purpose?
 Is not aye blue, as good as ruby red?

Eavad. It is not charitable mirth to mock
 A wretched Ladies griefs. The gods are just,
 And may requite you with a scorn as great,
 As that you throw on me. *Afot.* Not kisse a Gentleman?
 And my father worth thousands? — Resolution
 Spurre me to brave atchievements. *Eavad.* Such a rudenesse
 Some Ladies by the valour of their servants
 Could have redeem'd. — Ungentle god of love,
 Write not me down among the happier names,
 I onely live a martyr in thy flames.

Exit.

Afot. This is such a masculine feminine gender!

Ball. She is an Amazon both stout and tall.

Afot. Yet I got this by strugling. If I fit you not,
 Proud squeamish coynesse! Tutour, such an itch
 Of kissing runnes all o're me. I'll to Phryne,
 And fool away an houre or two in dalliance.

(a diamond
ring out of
her case.)

Ball. Go, I must stay to wait on fair Techneffa,
 Who is as jealous of young Pamphilus,

As

As Tyndarus of Evadne, *Aſor.* Surely, Tūtour,
I must provide me a suit of jealousy:
It will be all the fashion.

SCEN. IX.

Techmessa, Ballio,

Tech. **B**lesse me! what uncouth fancies toſſe my brain?
A ſin yon' arbour ſleep had cloz'd mine eies,
Me thought within a flowrie plain were met
A troupe of Ladies, and my ſelf was one.
Amongſt them roſe a challenge, whose ſoft foot
Should gentleſt preſſe the grasse and quickeſt run.
The prize for which they strove, the heart of Pamphilus.
The victory was doubtfull. All perform'd
Their courſe with equall speed, and Pamphilus
Was choſen judge to end the controverſie.
Me thought he ſhar'd his heart, and dealt a piece
To every Lady of the troupe, but me:
It was unkindly done. *Ball.* I have deſcried

Tech. What, Ballio? *Ball.* A froſt in his affections
To you,—but heat above the rage of Dog-dayes
To any other peticoat in Thebes.
I do not think but were the pox a woman,
He would not ſtick to court it. *Tech.* O my ſoul!
Thou haſt deſcried too much. —How ſweet it is
To live in ignorance? *Ball.* I did ſound him home.
And with ſuch words profan'd your reputation,
Would whet a cowards ſword. One that ne're ſaw you
Rebuk'd my flanderous tongue. I feel the crab-tree ſtill,
While he ſat ſtill unmov'd. *Tech.* It cannot be.

Ball. I'le undertake he ſhall refigne his weapon,
And forſwearre ſteel in any thing but knives,
Rather then venture one ſmall ſcratch to falve
Your wounded honour: or to prove you chafte
Encounter with a pin.

Tech. I am no common miſtrefſe, nor haue need

To entertain a multitude of champions
 To draw in my defence. — Yet had he low'd me,
 He could not heare me injur'd with such patience.
 Ballio, one triall more: bring me his sword
 Rather resign'd then drawn in my defence,
 And I shall rest confirm'd. *Ball.* Here's a fine businesse.
 What shall I do? go to a cutlers shop,
 And buy a sword like that. O'twill not do.
Tech. Will you do this? *Ball.* It is resolv'd. I will
 One way or other. Wit, at a dead lift help me.

SCEN. X.

Plegium, Techmessa, Ballio.

Peg. **M** Adam, the wretched Pamphilus! *Tech.* What of him?
Peg. Is through your cruelty and suspicion dead.

Ball. That news revives me. *Tech.* Elate, Techmessa then:
 What dost thou here when Pamphilus is dead?
 Cast off this robe of clay my soul, and sic
 To overtake him, bear him company
 To the Elysian groves: the journey thither
 Is dark and melancholy: do not suffer him
 To go alone. *Peg.* Madam, I joy to see
 With how much sorrow you receive his death.
 I will restore you comfort: Pamphilus lives.

Ball. If Pamphilus live, then Ballio's dead again.
Tech. Do you put tricks upon me? we shall have you
 On a little counterfeit sorrow, and a few drops
 Of womans teares, go and perswade your master
 I am deeply in love with him. *Peg.* If you be not,
 You ought in justice. *Tech.* I'll give thee a new feather
 And tell me what were those three Ladies names
 Your master entertain'd last night. *Peg.* Three Ladies!

Tech. You make it strange now. *Peg.* Madam, by all oaths
 My master bears a love so firmly constant
 To you, and onely you; he talks, thinks, dreams
 Of nothing but Techmessa. When he heares

The sound of your blest name, he turns Chamzeleon,
And lives on that sweet air. Here he has sent me
With letters to you; which I should deliver
I know hot, nor himself? for first he writes,
And when that letter likes him not, begins
(he lays down his sword, to pull out his letters.)

A second stile, and so a third and fourth,
And thus proceeds, then reades 'um over all,
And knows not which to send: perchance tears all.

The paper was not fair enough to kiss
So white a hand, that letter was too big,
A line uneven, all excuse prevail'd,
Language, or phrase, or word, or syllable,
That he thought harsh and rough. I have heard him wish
Above all blessings heaven can bestow

(So strange a fancie has affection taught him)

That he might have a quill from Cupids wing
Dipt in the milk of Venus, to record

Your praises and his love. I have brought you here
Whole packets of affection. *Ball.* Blessed occasion!

(he steals away the sword.)

Here is a conquest purchas'd without bloud.

Though strength and valour fail us, yet we see

There may a field be won by policie,

Exit.

Tech. Go, Pægnum, tell your master I could wish
That I was his, but bid him choose another.

Tell him he has no hope e'rego, enjoy me,

Yet bid him not despair. I do not doubt

His constant love to me. Yet I suspect

His zeal more fervent to some other saint.

Say I receive his letters with all joy,

But will not take the pains to read a syllable.

Exit.

Pæg. If I do not think women were got with ridling, whippe
me: Hocas, pocas, here you shall have me, and there you shall
have me. A man cannot finde out their meaning without the
sieve, and sheers. I conceiye 'um now to be engendred of nothing
but the winde and the weather-cock. What? my sword gone?
Ha! Well. This same paudarly-rogue Ballio has got it; he sows
suspicions of my master here, because he cudgels him into man-
ners.

ners. And that old scold Dypfas hires him to it, How could such a devil bring forth such an Angel as my Lady Techmessia? unless it were before her fall. I know all their plots, and yet they cannot see 'um. Heaven keep me from love, and preserve my eyesight. Go plot Enginners, plot on:

I'le work a countermine, and 'twill be brave,
An old rogue over-reach'd by a young knave. *Exit*

ACTUS II. SCEN. I.

Afotus, Ballio.

Afot. Evene more sweet then muscadine and egges,
RTo day I will embrace thee. Healths in bloud
Are soildiers mornings draughts. Proud,proud
Evadne

Shall know what 'tis to make a wit her foe,
And such a wit as can give overthrow
To male or female, be they ——man or woman.
This can my Tutour do, and I, or ——no man.

Ball. And Pamphilus shall learn by this deare knock
His liberall valour late bestowed upon me,
Invention lies at safer ward then wit:
This sword shall teach not to provoke the cruell.

Afot. And by this jemime shall I confound a jewell.
S'lid, Tutour, I have a wit too, there was a jest *ex tempore*.

SCEN. II.

Afotus, Ballio, Tyndarus.

Tyn. Physicians say, there's no disease so dangerous
As when the Patient knows not he is sick.
Such, such is mine, I could not be so ill,
Did I but know I were not well. The fear
Of dangers but suspected, is more horrid

Then

Then present misery. I have seen a man
During the storm, shake at the thoughts of death:
Who when his eyes beheld a certain ruine,
Died hugging of the wave. Were Eavadne true
I were too blest; or could I say she's false,
I could no more be wretched.— I am well:
My pulse beats musick, and my lively bloud
Dances a healthfull measure.— Ha! What's this
Gnaws at my heart? what viperous shurt of Nessus
Cleaves to my skin, and eats away my flesh?
'Tis some infection.— *Afot.* Tutour, let's be gone.
O' my life we are dead men else. *Tyn.* My Afotus?

Afot. Keep your infection to your self. *Tyn.* 'Tis love
Is my infection. *Afot.* Nay, then I care not, Tyndarus:
For that is an epidemicall disease,
And is the finest sicknesse in the world
When it takes two together. *Tyn.* Deare, deare self!
How fares the darling of the age? Say, what successse?

Afot. Did not I tell you, Sir, that I was born
With a caul upon my face? My mother wrapt me
In her own smock. The females fall before me
Like trembling doves before the towring hawk,
While o're the spoils in triumph thus I walk.

Ball. So he takes virgins with his amorous eye,
As spiders web intraps the tender flie.

Afot. True, Tutour, true: for I wooe 'um with cobweb-lawn.

Tyn. I know the rest of women may be frail,
Brittle as glasses: but my Eavadne stands
A rock of Parian marble, firm and pure.
The crystall may be tainted, and rude feet
Profane the milkie way: The Phoenix self,
Although but one, —no virgin: E're I harbour.
Dishonourable thoughts of that bright maid!
No Tyndarus, reflect upon thy self,
Turn thine eyes inward, see thine own unworthiness
That does thy thoughts to this suspicion move:
She loves thee not, 'cause thou deserv'ſt no love.

C

Afot.

Afor. I do not know where the enchantment lies,
 Whether it be the magick of mine eyes,
 Or lip, or cheek, or brow: — but I suppose
 The conurbation chiefly in my nose.
 Evadne, Sir, is mine, and woo'd me first,
 Troth 'tis a pretie lass; and for a woman
 She courts in handsome words, and now and then
 A polite phrase, and such a feeling appetite,
 That having not a heart of flint or steel,
 As mine's an easier tempest, — I consented
 To give her, in the way of almes, a night
 Or so: — You guess the meaning. *Tys.* Too too well.
 And must her lust break into open flames,
 To lend the world a light to view her shames?
 Could not she taste her Page? or secretly
 Admit a tuft-back'd Groom into her arms?
 Or practise with her Doctor, and take Physick
 In a close room? But thus, good heavens, to take
 Her stallions up i'th' streets! While sin is modest
 It may be healed; but if it once grow impudent,
 The fester spreads above all hopes of cure.
 I never could observe so strange a boldnaesse
 In my Evadne. I have seen her cheeks
 Blush, as if modesty her self had there
 Layn in a bed of corall. — But how soon
 Is vertue lost in women! *Ball.* Mistake us not,
 Deare Tyndarus, Evadne may be chaste
 To all the world — but him. And as for him,
 Diana's self, or any stricter goddesse
 Would loose the Virgin-zone. I have instill'd
 Magnetique force into him, that attracts
 Their iron hearts, and fashions them like steel
 Upon the anvile, to what shape he please.
 He knows the minute, the precise one minute,
 No woman can hold out in. Come to me, Sir,
 I'll teach you in one fortnight by Astrologie
 To make each Burgess in all Thebes — your cuckold,

Afor.

Aʃor. As fillie lambes do fill the wolves black jaw,
And fearfull harts the generous lions paw,
As whales eat lesser fries; so may you see
The matrons, maids, and widows stoop to mee.

Tyn. O do not hold me longer In suspence:
The prisoner at the barre may with lesse fear
Hearre the sad sentence of his death pronounc'd,
Then stand the doubfull trials. Pray confirm me.

Aʃor. Know you this Jewel? *Tyn.* O my sad heart-strings crack!

Aʃor. If your Evadne be a Phcenix, Tyndarus,
Some tea moneths hence you may have more o'th' breed.

Tyn. This did I give her, and she vow'd to keep it
By all the oaths religion knew. No Deity
In all the court of heaven but highly fuffers
In this one perjurie. The diamond
Keeps his chaste lustre still, when she has foiled
A glorie of more worth then all those toyes
Proud folly gave such price to, *Aʃor.* This? a pretty toy;
But of no value to my other trophies
That the frail tribe has sent me. Your best jewells
Are to be found, Sir, in the weaker vessels,
And that's a mysterie. I have sweat out such
Variety of trifles, their severall kindes
Would pose a learned lapidary: my closet,
By some that knew me not for Cupids favourite,
Has been mistaken for a Jewellers shop.

Ball. And then for ribbands, points, for knots and shoe-strings,
Or to slip higher, garters, no Exchange
Affords such choice of wares, *Aʃor.* Phcebus whip
Thy lazy team, run headlong to the West,
I long to taste the banquet of the night.
Sir, if you please, when I am surfetted
To take a pretty breakfast of my leavings.—

Tyn. Where art thou patience? Hence contagious misſ
That would infect the sire of her pure fame:
My sword shall purge you forth, base dross of men,
From her refined metall. *Aʃor.* Blesse me, Tutour,

This is not the precise minute. *Tyn.* Why ſhould I
Afflict my ſelf for her? No, let her vaniſh.
Shall I retain my love, when ſhe has loſt
The treaſure of her vertue? Stay, perchance
Her innocence may be wronged. Said I, perchance?
That doubt will call a curse upon my head
To plague my unbelief. — But here's a witneſſe
Of too too certain truth stands up againſt her.
Me thinks the flame that burnt ſo bright dies in me.
I am no more a captive, I have ſhak'd
My fetters off, and broke thoſe gyves of ſteel
That bound me to my thralldome. — My fair paſton
Adiew. — How sweetly breaths this open aire?
My feet grown wanton with their libertie,
Could dance and caper till I knockt at heaven
With my advanced head. Come deare Aſotus,
There are no pleaſures but they ſhall be ours.
We will diſpeople all the elements
To pleafe our palettes. Midnigh t' ſhall behold
Our nightly cups, and weare a blacker mask,
As envious of our jollities. The whole ſex
Of women ſhall be ours. Merchants ſhall proffer
Their tender brides. Mothers ſhall run and fetch
Their daughters (e're they yet be ripe) to ſatisfie
Our liquorish luſts. Then Tityrus happy call,
That looſing one fair maid has purchas'd all.

Aſot. You have an admirabile methode, Tutour,
If this fellow has not been i' my heart, I'le be hang'd,
He ſpeaks my minde ſo pat. Ha, boon couragio —

Ball. You ſee what more then miracles art can do.

Tyn. And when we have runne o're the catalogue
Of former pleaſures, thou, and I, and Ballio
Will ſit and ſtudy new ones. I will raife
A ſect of new and rare Philoſophers,
Shall from my name be call'd Tyndarides.

Aſot. And I will raife another ſect like theſe,
That ſhall from me be call'd — Aſotides.

Tutour,

Tutour, my fellow Pupil here and I
Must quaffe a bowl of rare philosophie,
To pledge the health of his Tyndarides.

Tyn. Ceme, blest restorer of my libertie.

Afot. If any friend of yours want libertie
In such a kinde as this, you may command me.
For if the brave Tyndarides be not free,
Th' Aslotides shall grant them libertie.

Tyn. We will be frolick, boy; and e're we part,
Remember thee, Thou mighty man of art.

Exeunt Tyndar, & Afot.

SCEN. III.

Ballio, Techmessa.

Ball. **T**here is besides revenge a kinde of sweetnesse
In acting mischief. I could hug my head,
And kisse the brain that hatches such deare rogueries,
Such loving loving rogueries. —Silly Pamphilus,
With thine own fword I'll kill thee, and then trample
On the poore foolish carcase. Techmessa here?
Then fortune wait on my designes, and crown 'um
With a successfe as high as they deserve.

Tech. Me thinks sometimes I view my Pamphilus
Cloth'd Angel-like in white, and spotlesse robes,
And straight upon a sudden my chang'd fancy
Presents him black and horrid, all a stain,
More loathsome then a leper. *Ball.* And that fancy
Presents him in his likeneſſe. All the sinks
And common shores in Thebes are cleanly to him. (mish,

Tech. Peace, thou foul tongue. *Ball.* Nay, if you be so squeat-
I ha' no womanish itch to prate. —Farewell.

Tech. Nay, do not leave me unresolv'd, good Ballio.

Ball. Why, I did set you out in more vile colours
Then ever cunning pencill us'd to limbe,
Witch, hag, or fury with. *Tech.* Thou couldſt not do't,
And live. *Ball.* I am no ghost, flesh and bloud still.

I said you had a prety head of hair,
 And such as might do service to the State,
 Made into halters: that you had a brow
 Hung o're your eyes like flie-flaps: that your eyes
 Were like two powdring-tubs, either running o're,
 Or full of standing brine: your cheeks were lunk
 So low and hollow, they might serve the boyes
 For cherripits.— *Tech.* Could Pamphilus heare all this,
 And not his bloud torn choler? *Ball.* This? and more.
 I said your nose was like a hunters horn,
 And stood so bending up a man might hang
 His hat upon't: that I mistook the yeare,
 And alwayes thought it Winter, when I saw
 Two icicles at your nostrils. *Tech.* Haye I lost
 All woman, that I can with patience heare
 My self thus injur'd? *Ball.* I could beat my self
 For speaking it, but 'twas to sound him, Madam.
 I said you had no neck: your chin and shoulders
 Were so good friends, they would ha' nothing part 'um:
 I vow'd your breasts, for colour and proportion,
 Were like a withheld pair of o'reworn footballs:
 Your waste was slender, but th' ambitious buttock
 Climbes up so high about, who sees you naked
 Might sweare you had been born with a yardingal.

Tech. I am e'ne frightened with thy strange description.

Ball. I left, ashain'd and weary: he goes on,
 There be more chops and wrinckles in her lips,
 Then on the earth in heat of Dog-dayes: and her teeth
 Look like an old park-pale: She has a tongue
 Would make the deaf man blesse his imperfection
 That frees him from the plague of so much noise:
 And such a breath (heaven shield us) as out-vies
 The shambles and bear-garden for a sent.

Tech. Was ever such a fury? *Ball.* For your shoulders,
 He thinks they weic ordain'd to underprop
 Some beam o'th' Temple, and that's all the use
 Religion can make of you: Then your feet,

For

For I am loth to give the full description,
He vowes they both are cloven. *Tesch.* Had all malice
Dwelt in one tongue, it could not scandal more.
Is this the man adores me as his saint?

And payes his morning orisons at my window
Duly as at the Temple? Is there such hypocrisie
In loves religion too? Are Venus doves
But white dissemblers? Is this that Pamphilus
That shakes and trembles at a frown of mine,
More then at thunder? I must have more argument
Of his apostasie, or suspect you false.

Ball. Whose sword is this? *Tesch.* 'Tis his. And this I tied
About the hilt, and heard him swere to fight
Under those colours, the most faithfull souldier
The fields of Mars or tents of Cupid knew.
False men, resigne your arms. Let us go forth
Like bands of Amazons, for your valours be
Not uprighte fortitude, but treacherie.

Ball. I urg'd him in a language of that boldnesse,
As would have fir'd the chillest veins in Thebes,
To stand in your defence, or els resigne
The fruitlesse steel he wore. He bid me take it.
He had not so much of Knight errant in him,
To vow himself champion to such a doxie.

Tesch. Then Love, I shoo thy arrows back again,
Return 'um to thy quiver, guide thy arm
To wound a breast will say the dart is welcome,
And kisse the golden pile. I am possest
With a just anger, Pamphilus shall know
My scorn as high as his. *Ball.* Bravely resolv'd.
Madam, report not me to Pamphilus
Authour of this: for valour should not talk,
And fortitude would loose it self in words.

Tesch. I need no other witnesse then his sword.

SCEN^E

SCEN. III.

Ballio, Asotus, Tyndarus, Techmessa.

Tyn. **T**echmessa? never did I understand
The sweets of life till now. I will pronounce
This for my birth-day. *Tech.* And this happy minute
Has clear'd my soul too of the same disease.

Asot. Then do as Tyndarus did, and go with me,
Wee'l drink a pottle to Libertie, and another
Pottle to th'A lotides, and a pottle to the Tyndarides,
And a fourth to the She-philosophers ycleped—Techmessides.

SCEN. V.

Ballio, Asotus, Tyndarus, Techmessa, Pamphilus,

Tyn. **P**amphilus, welcome: Shake thy sorrows off,
T Why in this age of freedome dost thou fit
A captiv'd wretch? I do not feel the weight
Of clay about me. Am I not all aire?
Or of some quicker element? I have purg'd out
All that was earth about me, and walk now
As free a soul as in the separation.

Pam. Brother, if any stream of joy can mix
With such a sea of grief as mine, and loose not
His native sweetnesse, 'tis a joy for you.
But I am all bitterness. *Ball.* Now, Asotus,
The Comedic begins. *Pam.* When will my sufferings
Make my atonement with my angry goddesse?
Do you celestiall sortes retain an anger
Eternall as your substance? *Tech.* O fine hair!
An amorous brow, a pretty lovely eye,
A most delicious cheek, a handsome nose!
How Nectar-sweet his lips are? and his teeth,
Like two fair ivory pales, inclose a tongue
Made up of harmonie. Then he has a chin
So full of ravishing dimples, it were pity

A beard should overgrow it: and his feet
Past all expression comely.

Pam. Do not adde
Contempt to cruelty. Madam, to insult
Upon a prostrate wretch, is harder tyranny
Then to have made him so. *Tesch.* And then a shoulder
Straight as the pine or cedar. *Pam.* Courteous death
Take wings, thou art too slow. *Tesch.* I could not hear
Those precious parts defam'd, but I durst fight
In the just quarrell. *Tyn.* 'Tis a touchy Tiger.
How happy am I that have scap't the dens
Of these she-wolves! *Ball.* Now my safetie lies
Upon a ticklish point—a womans secretie,
Madam, my reputation is deare to me.

Pam. In what a maze I wande! how my sorrows
Run in a labyrinth! *Tesch.* I'le unriddle it.

Ball. St. St. The honour of a man at arms.

Tesch. Then know, thou perjur'd Pamphilus, I have learnt
Neglect from thee. *Pam.* Madam, I am all love:
And if the violence of my flame had met
With any heart but marble, I had taught it
Some spark of my affection. *Ball.* Now it heats.

Tesch. No doubt the flame is violent, and must work
Upon a breast so capable as mine.

Afot. I think Cupid be turn'd jugler. Here's nothing but Ho-
cas pocas, Præsto be gon, Come again Jack; and such feats of
activitie.

Tesch. But I must tell you, you are false and perjur'd,
Or, what is more, a coward. Tell me, Sir, (To Afot.)
For I suppose you of a nobler soul.
If you should heare your mistresse by rude tongues
Wrong'd in the graces both of minde and beauty,
Could you have suffered it? *Afot.* Madam, were you made
From bones of Hercules, and brawn of Atlas,
And daughter were to Gargantua great,
And wrong my mistresse: you should heare my rage
Provoke my blade, and cry, Blade, canst thou sleep

In peacefull scabbard? O'er thou beast of terror,
And lion-like roar this disdainfull wight
To Plutos shades and ghosts of Erebus.

Tech. Yet you, my valiant champion, could refigne
This (if you know it) rather then endure
The terror of your own steel, to redeem
My bleeding honour. *Pam.* How am I betray'd,
And fall'n into the toyles of treacherie!
Give me a man bold as that earth-born race
That bid Jove bartell; and besieg'd the gods;
And if I make him not creep like a worm
Upon his belly, and with reverence
Lick up the dust you scatter from your shooe,
May I for ever loose the light I live in,
The sight of you. *Tte.* I let try your spirits; Phronesium;

Tyz. That bloud of goats should soften Adamant!
And poore weak woman with an idle face
Should make the souldier to forget his valour,
And man his sex!

(Enter
Phron.
Exeit
rusiu, &
statim in-
trat cum gladio

Enter Phronesium.

S C E N . V I .

Balli, *Tyndarus,* *Afotus,* *Techmess,* *Pamphilus,*
Phronesium.

Tech. Here's a champion for you.
Phron. Come, Sir, this sword be yours, and if
you dare
Maintain the lists against me, as I fear
Your bloud is whey by this time, by your valour
You may redeem your honour, and your sword.

Afot. This is another Hercules come from the distaff.

Phron. If not, I do proclaim thee here, no Knight,
But meane to post thee up for a vile varlet,
And the disgrace of Chivalrie. *Pam.* O my shame!

Afot. A dainty Lady errant. *Ball.* A fine piece
Of female fortitude. *Phron.* If this stirre thee not,

Thy

Thy mistresse is the blemish of her sex,
 A dirtie filthy hyswife. *Pam.* Would it were not
 Dishonour now to kill thee! *Phron.* If your valour
 Lie in your back-parts, I will make experience
 Whether a kick will raise it. Pray go fetch him
 Some aqua vita: for the thought of steel
 Has put him in a swound: Nothing revive you?
 Then will I keep thy sword, and hang it up
 Amongst my busk-points, pins, and curling-irons,
 Bodkins, and vardingals, a perpetuall trophie *Exit Phron.*
 How brave a Knight you are. *Pam.* Where shall I run
 And finde a desert, that the foot of man
 Nere wandred in, to hide from the world's eyes
 My shame! S'death, every Page, and sweaty Footman,
 And soppie chambermaid will point and laugh at me.

Tyn. I joy to think that I shall meet Evadne
 Turn'd on the sudden Moor. How black and vile
 She will appeare!

SCEN. VII.

Ballio, Tyndarus, Asotus, Techmessa, Pam-
philus, Evadne.

Tyn. O Heavens! who will not dare
 Henceforth to scorn your powers, and call sacrilegious
 Merit and pietie? I do not see
 A hair deform'd, no tooth or nail sustain
 The brand of her deserved shame. You punish't
 The Queen of beauty with a mole; but certainly
 Her perjury hath added to her form,
 And that the abused gods bribe her with beauty,
 As th' wrack'd tenant strives to buy the favour
 Of his impious Landlord. *Evad.* Gentle Tyndarus,
 Load not weak shoulders with too great a burthen.

Tyn. O lust! on what bright altars blazeth thy flames,
 While chastity lets her cold fires glow out
 In deform'd temples, and on rain'd altars!

Tempt me not strumpet, you that have your hirelings,
And can with jewels, rings, and other toyes
Purchase your journeymeo-letchers. *Eavad.* My chaste eare
Has been a stranger to such words as these,
I have not sinne enough to understand 'um,
And wonder where my Tyndarus learnt that language.

Tyn. I am turn'd eagle now, and have an eye.
Dares boldly gaze on that adulterate sunne.

I must be short. Who must this ring direct
Into your guilty sheets? *Eavad.* I do not know
How I should lose that pledge of my Lords loves:
But 'tis not in the power of any thief
To steal away the heart I have vowed yours;
And would to all the gods I had kept it there!

Afor. Come, blush not bashfull bellipiece—I will meet thee.
I ever keep my word with a fair lady.

I will requite that jewell with a richer.
The glorious heavens arayd in all their starres
Shall not outshine thee. Be not, girele, ashame'd.
These are acquainted with it. I would vex'um
To night with the remembrance of those sports.
We shall enjoy, then pleasures double rise.
When both we feed, and they shall Tantalize.

Eavad. It is not manly in you, Sir, to ruine
A virgins fame, with hazard of your own.

Afor. Tur, lasse, no matter, we'l be manly anon.

Tyn. A fine dissembler! ha! what tumults here?

Enter *Pagnium* and officers.

SCEN. VIII.

Ballio, Tyndarus, Aforus, Techmessa, Eavadne,
Pambilus, Tyndarus, Pagnium, and officers.

Peg. **T**HAT'S he, I charge you apprehend the villain.
1. Offic. Villain, we reprehend thee. *Ball.* Slaves, for what?
2. Offic. For an arrant cutpurse; you stole away this little Gentlemans sword; and being done by chance-medly, 'tis flat felony by nature. *Pam.*

Pam. I thank thee Innocence. Though earth disclaim
Thy title, heaven denies thee not protection.

Pag. Confesse, or I will have thee instantly
Hang'd for a signe on thine own post. *Ball.* Well, villany.
Thou wilt not thrive. Sir, for 'twas you I wrong'd:
I do confess the sword by which I rais'd
So strange a scandal on you, was by me
Stolen from your Page, as he delivered letters
From you to your Techmesa; and the plot
Was fashion'd by her mother, though ill fortune
Made me th' unlucky instrument. *Afor.* Cursed Tutor,
Thou hast read nothing to me worth the learning,
But the high-way to th' gallows. There shall we
Hang up like vermine. Little did I think
To make the women weep and sob to see
Th'untimely end of two such proper men.
This mouth was never made to stand awry,
And sure my neck was long enough before.
Lady, upon my humbled knees I beg
Pardon for faults committed, I acknowledge
That striving with felonious intent
To steal a kisse or two from your sweet lips,
From your sweet eare I stole a ring away.

Pag. For which your sweet neck must endure the halter.

Tyn. I am again thy servant, mighty love!

O my Evadne, how shall I appeare
So bold as but to plead in mine own cause?
It is so foul that none can seal my pardon,
But you that should condemne me. *Evad.* Sir, you know
The power I have is yours: be your own judge,
And seal your pardon here. *Tyn.* 'Tis double life
Granted by such a seal. *Teek.* What punishment
Shall we inflict on these? *Afor.* Gentle Ladie,
E'ne what you please,— but hanging,— that's a death,
My enemies will hit me in the teeth with
Besides, it makes a man look like a Cat
When she cries mew. *Ball,* I'll bark and bite awhile.

Before the dogs death choak me. *Afot.* Pray dismiss
This pack of hounds; and since we both are guilty,
Let us bestow on one anothers shoulders
The good and wholesome counsell of a cudgell.

Peg. Pray let me intercede. *Afot.* Thanks, pretty little Gentle-

Tyn. Officers, you are discharged, *Afot.* Are the madde
dogsgone? (man.)
Exeunt officers.

Come Tutour, I must read awhile to you
Under correction.—Nor so hard, good Tutour.

Tyn. Enough. *Afot.* Nay, one bout I beseech you more
To make up satisfaction. *Ball.* Well for this
I'le have one engine more, my bad intents
Mend not, but gather strength by punishments.

Tyn. Your satisfaction now is full and ample.

Afot. Nay, we must have the health i'th' crabtree-cup too:
One to th' Tyndarides, another to th' Afotides,
And one, my deare instructour, to the Techneffides.

Pam. Nay, now your patience doth exceed your crime.

Afot. Say you so? nay, then here's a health to the Pamphilides too:

And for his noble sake, to the Evadnides,
And all Philosophy lets what e're they be.

Evad. Your justice to your selves is too severe.

Afot. Then I ha' done: farewell, and hearty thanks.
But, Tutour, stay, this little Gentleman
Has been forgot:—Pray, Sir, what may I call you?

Peg. My name is Pagniut.—*Afot.* I were most unthankfull
To passe o're you.—To the Pagniades, Tutour:
You have brought us to a fair passe, Tutour. *Ball.* Tush,
'Twes but to exercise your passive valour.

Afot. Your passive valour? give me your active valour:
I do not like your black and blue valour,
When bones shall shake with magnanimity.

Exeunt Afot. Ball. Peg.

S C E N.

SCEN. IX.

Tyndarus, Pamphilus, Evadne, Techmessa.

Tyn. Rother, I finde my soul a troubled sea.
B Whose billows are not fully quieted,
 Although the storm be over. Therefore, Pamphilus,
 By the same wombe that bred us, and the breasts
 Of our dead mother Lalage, I conjure thee,
 With all the charms that love can teach thee,
 A fault Evadnes faith, if thou report her
 Constant, I end my jealousies, if frail,
 The torrent of my love shall bend his course
 To finde some other chanel. *Pam.* By that love
 That made us twins, though born at severall births,
 That grew along with us in heighe and strength,
 I will be true. Farewell. *Tyn.* Be sudden, Pamphilus. *Exit Tyn.*
Evad. Me thinks this should confirm you. *Tecb.* That he
 was not

Guilty of this, acquit him not of all;
 To prove a man free from an act of cheif,
 Affoils him not of murder. No, no, sister,
 Tempt him with kisses, and what other dalliance
 Craft and indulgent nature hath taughe woman.
 To raise hot youth to appetite; if he yeeld not,
 I will put off distrust. I do not know
 Whom I durst trust but you. *Evad.* Though mine own love
 Finde me enoughe of businesse, yet in hope
 That you will second me in my occasions,
 I undertake the task. *Tecb.* Take heed Evadne,
 Lest while you counterfeit a flame, you kindle
 A reall fire.— I dare not be too confident,
 Hence will I closely pry into their actions,
 And overheare their language; for if my sister
 See with my eyes, she cannot choose but love him
 In the same height with me.

SCEN.

SCEN. X.

Pamphilus, Evadne, Techmessa in insidiis.

Pam. IT grieves me that a Lady of your worth,
Young, soft, and active as the spring, the starre
And glory of our nation, should be prodigall
Of your affections, and misplace your love
On a regardlesse boy. *Evad.* Sir, the same pitie
I must return on you. Were I a man
Whom all the Ladies might grow rivals for
(As lesse you cannot be) I would not lose
My service to a Mistresse of so coy
And proud an humour:— True, she is my sister,
But the same wombe produces severall natures.
I should have entertain'd so great a blessing
With greater thankfulness. *Pam.* That my starres should be
So croesse unto my happiness! *Evad.* And my fate
So cruell to me! *Pam.* Sweet, it is in us
To turn the wheel of Fortune; she's a goddesse
That has no deity where discretion reignes.

Evad. But shall I wrong my sister? *Pam.* Do not I
Give just exchange, and lole a brother for her?
Our sufferings have been equall, and their prides.
They must be equall necks that can draw even
In the same yoke. *Evad.* I have obsry'd, the charioe
Of the great Cyprian Queen, links not together
The dove with sparrows; but the turtle joynes
With turtles, and the sparrow has his mate.

Pam. See if one softnesse kisse not in our lips.
Evad. One lip not meets the other with more sympathy,
Then yours met mine. *Pam.* Let's make the second triall.

SCEN. XI.

Techmessa, Pamphilus, Evadne.

Tech. I Can endure no longer,— Gentle sister.
Evad. I cannot blame your jealousie: for I finde—

Teb.

Teb. Too much of sweetnesse in his amorous lips.
 There is no tie in nature, faith in blood
 Is but a thing that should be. Brothers, sisters,
 Fathers, and mothers are but specious names
 Of love and dutie: you and I have been
 But guests in the same wombe, that at first meeting
 Change kinde and friendly language, and next morning
 Fall out before they part, or at least ride
 Contrary rodes. *Evd.* Will you then misconster
 The service I perform'd at your request?

Teb. Hencetorth I'le let the Kite to keep my chickens,
 And make the Wolf my shepheard.

SCEN. XII.

Evdne, Techmessa, Pamphilus, Tyndarus.

Tyn. **P**Amphilus, how is't? *Pam.* I know not how to answer thee.

She met me with more courtship then I tender'd.

Teb. Sir, we are both abus'd, and the same wombe
 That gave us life was fruitfull to our ruine.
 Your traitour weares the mask call'd Brother; mine
 As cunning a disguise, the name of Sister.
 These eyes are witnesse that deser'd 'em kissing
 Closer then cockles, and in lustfull twines
 Outbid the ivy, or the circling arms
 Of winding vines. Their hot embraces met
 So neare, and folded in so close a knot,
 As if they would incorporate, and grow one.

Tyn. Then farewell all respect of blood and friendship,
 I do pronounce thee stranger. If there can be
 Valour in treachery, put thy crust in steel
 As I do, not in brothers.— Draw, or die.

Pam. Brother. *Tyn.* I hate the name, it is a word
 Whets my just anger to a sharper edge.

Pam. Hear me. *Tyn.* I will no pleading but the sword.
 Wert thou protected by Apollo's temple,

Or hadst the altar for security,
Religion should not bide me from thy death.
Couldst thou retreat into my mothers wombe,
There my revenge should finde thee. I am sudden,
And talk is tedious. *Pam.* Beare me witness heaven,
This action is unwilling.

SCEN. XIII.

Pamphilus, Tyndarus, Teckmessa, Evadne,
Chremylus, Dypas.

Chrem. Put up for shame those rude unhalloved blades,
And let not rash opinion of a valour
Perswade you to be Particides. Pray remember
You thirst but your own bloud. He that o'recomes,
Loses the one half of himself. *Tynd.* Deare Chremylus,
The reverence to your age hath tied my bands:
But were my thred of life measur'd by his,
I'de cut it off, though we both fell together;
That my incensed soul might follow his,
And to eternity prosecute any revenge.

Pam. Brother, at your intreaty I adventured
To court Evadne; and because I found her
Against my minde, too easie to my suit,
Your rage falls heavie on me. *Teck.* On my knees
I beg, deare father, cloyster me in darknesse,
Or send me to the desert to converse
With nothing but a wildernesse, or expose me
To the cold mercy of the wind and wave,
So you will free me from the company
Of a false sister. *Evad.* Sir, with much perswasion
She wrought on me to personate a love
To Pamphilus, to finde if I could flagger
The faith he vow'd to her. This have I done,
And this so much hath moved her. *Chrem.* Here you see
The fruits of rashnesse. Do you finde your errour?
But the foul spring from whence these bitter streams

Had

Had their first head, I fear, is from you Dypſas.

Dypſ. I will no more denie it, I have ſown.

Thoſe ſeeds of doubl, wifhing to ſee diſſenſion
Ripe for the ſickle—For what cauſe I now
Forbare to ſpeak—but henceforth I will ſtrive
To cleare thoſe jealouſies, and concludē their loves
In a bleſt nuptiall. Tyn. O how frail is man!

One ſunny day the exhalation reares
Into a cloud: at night it falls in teares.

Exeunt.

ACTUS III. SCEN. I.

Dypſas, Tyndarus.

Tyn. If it be not immodesty to demand
So bold a queſtion; I would be refolv'd
Of one doubt yet. Dypſ. Speak boldly, by
all holinesſe
My anſwer ſhall be true. Tyn. When you
were young,
And lively appetite revelled in your blood,
Did you not finde rebellion in your veins?
Did not the ſame embraces tedious grow?
And cauſe a longing in your thoughts to taste
Varieties of men? Dypſ. I bluſh, I cannot anſwer
With a deniall; not a proper Gentleman
But forc'd my goatiſh eye to follow him:
And when I had ſurvey'd his parts, I would
With any loſſe of honour, wealth, and friendſhip,
Have bought him to my bed: and truely, Sir,
'Twas cheap at any rate. Tyn. Steel'd impudencē!
What fruit can I expect the bough ſhould bear
That grows from ſuch a ſtock? Dypſ. I had of late
A moneths minde Sir to you: Y'ave the right make
To please a Lady. Tyn. Sure this old pieſe of luſt

When she is dead will make her grave a brothell,
And tempt the worms to adulterate her carcasse.

Dyfus. And that's the reason I have cross'd my daughter
To further mine own love. Pity me, Sir,
For though the fewel's spent, there is a spark
Rak'd up ith' embers.—But I now desist.
Please you to gó to Ballios house, my daughter
Shall meet you there—I hope that out of duty
She will not grutch her mother a good turn
When she is married—now and then. *Tyw.* Is there no house
To meet at, but this Ballios? Is Evadne
Acquainted there? is that the rendeuous
Of her hot meetings?—yet I still suspect
This woman's malice to her childe not lost.
I will bestow some time, and go to see
The strange event of this dark mysterie.

Exit Tyndarus.

SCEN. II.

Dyfus, Ballio.

Dyfus. **B**allio. *Ball.* Madam. *Dyfus.* See your house be stor'd
With the deboiseft Rovers in the city
Let every room be fill'd with noise and quarrelling,
For Tyndarus is to meet Evadne there.
You guesse the rest; if not, this purse of gold
Better inform you.

Exit Dyfus.

Ball. Most celestial Lady,
Though I have practis'd villainy from my cradle
And from my dugge suckt mischief more then milk,
This fury still out-does me.—I am vext,
Vext to the heart to see a filly woman
Carry more devils in her then my self.
And yet I love thee—thou she-rogue, I love thee,
Had I but such a wife, what a fine brood
Of toads could I beget!

SCEN.

SCEN. III.

Ballio, Simo.

Ball. Ere comes my mole,
 The sonne of earth, that digs his mothers entrals
 To turn up treasure for his boy and me.
 That with industrious eyes searches to hell
 To buy us heaven on earth. Welcome, welcome
 Thou age of gold: how do the bags at home?
 Are all the chests in health? thrives the purse still?
 And fayes it to the talents, Multiply?

Simo. Thanks to my providence like a swarm! Wealth falls
 Not in small drops upon me, (as at first)
 But like a torrent overthrows the bank
 As it would threat a deluge. Were it not pity
 My boy should not invent sluices now
 To drain the copious stream. *Ball.* A thousand pities!
 That you shoud lose the fruits of so much care.

Sim. True Ballio, true, *Ball.* Trust me, what art can do
 Shall not be wanting. *Sim.* I'le not be ungratefull,
 It lies in you to turn these silver hairs
 To a fresh black again, and by one favour
 Cut fortie yeares away from the gray summe.

Ball. I had rather cut off all, and be our own carvers: — *A side*
 Sir, if I had Medea's charms to boyl
 An aged lambe in some inchaunted caldron
 Till he start up a lambe, I would recall
 Your youth, and make you like the aged snake
 Cast off this wrinckled skin, and skip up fresh
 As at fifteen. *Sim.* All this you may and more.
 If you will place me where I may unseen
 Make my eye witnesse of my sonnes delight,
 I shall enjoy the pleasures by beholding 'em.

Ball. True Sir, you know he's but your second self,
 The same you might have been at one and twenty:
 The blisse is both's alike. *Sim.* Most Philosophicall!

Bal. Place your self there. *Sim.* Tha' in words but these
To thank you with. *Bal.* This is true Rhetorick.

SCEN. IIII.

*Asotus, Ballio, Bomolochus, Cherilus, Thrasymachus,
Hyperbolus. Simo in angulis.*

Asot. Come forth my Rascalls: Let the thriving Lord
Confine his family unto half a man
I sleep a—Page. Our honour be attended
With men of arts and arms. Captains and Poets
Shall with the Bilbow blade and Gray goose quill
Grace our Retinue—And when we grow surly,
Valour and wit fall prostrate at our frown,
Crouch imps of Mars, and frogs of Helicon.

Sim. How they adore him! and the perilous wagge
Becomes his state: To see what wealth can do,
To those that have the blessing how to spend it!

Bal. Your blessing was the wealth: the art of spending
He had from me. *Sim.* Once more I give thee thanks.

Thras. Who dares offend thee, Lord of fortitude,
And not pay homage to thy potent toe,
Shall be a morsell for the dogs. *Asot.* Stoutly deliver'd,
My brave Thrasymachus—Thou for this shalt feed.
I will not suffer valour to grow lean,
And march like famine. I have seen an army
Of such a meagre troop, such thin-chapt starvelings,
Their barking stomachs hardly could refrain
From swallowing up the foe, ere they had slain him.

Hyper. If thou command our service, we will die
Dull earth with crimson, till the teates of orphanes,
Widows and mothers wash it white again:
Wee'll strow thy walks with legs, and arms, and thighes,
And pay thee tribute thousand heads a day,
Fresh bleeding from the trunck: and panting hearts
No dead shall leap in thy victorious paw.

Asot. Then say thou too to Hunger—Friend adieu!

Ballio,

Ballio condemne a bagge, let trash away,
 See' um both arm'd in scarlet cap-a-pea,
 Strike top-sail, men of warre. *Ball.* We must divide:
 We that serve great men have no other shifts
 To thrive our selves but guelding our Lords guifts.

Sim. Now I am rich indeed, this is true treasure.

Afot. Ha! has Melpomene ta'ne cold of late,
 That you are silent, my Parnassian beagles?
 Is Clio dumbe? or has Apollos Jewes-trump
 By sad disaster lost her melodious tongue?

Cher. Your praise all tongues desire to speak: but some,
 Nay all I fear, for want of art grow dumbe:
 The harp of Orpheus blushes for to sing,
 And sweet Amphions voice hath crack't a string.

Afot. A witty solecisme reward the error! harp and sing,
 voice and string.

Bom. Give me a breath of thunder, let me speak
 Sonorous accents, till their clamours break
 Rocks with the noise obstreperous. I will warble
 Such bounsing notes shall cleave obdurate marble
 Upon mount Caucasus heavens-knocking head,
 Boreas shall blow my trumpet, till I spread
 Thy fame, grand Patron of the thrice three sisters,
 Till envies eares shall heare it and have blisters.

Afot. O rare close, a high sublime conceit!
 For this I'le sheath thee in a new serge scabbard
 Blade of the fount Pegasean. *Sim.* What an honour
 Will our bloud come to! — I have satisfied
 For all the Orphanes, Widows, and what others
 My sacred hunger hath devout'd. *Afot.* Ballio
 Bleſſe him with twentie drachmes — yet forbear:
 Money may spoyl his Poetry. Give's some wine,
 Here is a whetſtone both for wit and valour.
 A health to all my beads-men of the ſword.

Tbr. *Hyp.* This will ingage the men of arms to fight.

Afot. This to the Muses, and their threed-bare tribe.

Cher. *Bom.* Thou doſt ingage the learned troops to write.

Afot.

Afot. Go sonnes of Mars, with young Apollos brood,
And usher in my Venus: wine hath warm'd
My bloud, and wak'd it to an itch of sporting.

Ball. Some twentie ages hence 'twill be a question
Which of the two the world will reverence more:
You for a thriving father, or Afotus
So liberall a sonne. *Sim.* Good, Ballio, good:
But which will they preferre? *Ball.* They cannot, Sir,
But most admire your fist, which grip'd so much
That made his hand so open. *Sim.* Gracious starres,
How blest shall I be twentie ages hence!
Some twentie ages hence. *Ball.* You shall be call'd
A doting Coxcombe twentie ages hence.

(Exeunt Bom.
Hyp. Char. Thr.
for to steh in
Pbr. Afot, the
while is putting
on his armour.

SCEN. III.

*Charilus, Bomolochus before personating 2 Mercuries,
Phrine in an antique robe and coronet guarded in
by Hyperbolus and Thrasimachus.*

Afot. **H**ow bright and glorious are the bears my starre
Darts from her eye! Lead up, my Queen of beauty!
But in a softer march, sound a retreat:
Lead on again, I'll meet her in that state
The god of warre puts on, when he salutes
The Cyprian Queen — these that were once the postures
Of horrid battells, are become the muster
Of love and beauty. Say sweet brace of Mercuries,
Is she th' — Olympique or the Paphian goddesse?

Ball. Where are you Sir, where are you? *Sim.* In Elysium, in
Elysium.

Char. This is no goddesse of th' — Olympique hall

Bom. Nor may you her of Neptunes issue call.

Char. For she nor Siren is nor Amphitrite.

Bom. Nor wood-nymph that in forrest takes delight.

Char. Nor is she Mule. *Bom.* Nor Grace, *Char.* Nor is she
one of these

That haunt the springs the beauteous Naiades.

Bom.

Bom. Nor Flora, Lady of the field is she.

Cbsr. Nor bright Pomona the Orchards deitie.

Bom. No, she is none of these. Cbsr. Oh then prepare
To heare her blessed name. Bob. 'Tis Phryne fair.

Afot. Phryne the fair? Oh peace! if this be she,
Go forth, and sing the world a lullaby.
For thy deare sake in whom is all delight,
I will no more the trembling nations frighe
With bellowing drummes, and grones of slaughter'd men.
My father brings the golden age again.

Phryn. Pardon me, dreadfull deitie of warre,
'Twas love of you that forc'd me from my sphere,
And made me leave my Orbe without her influence,
To meet you in the fury of the fight
Sweating with rage, and reeking in the bloud
Of wretches sacrific'd to the Stygian floud.

Afot. Come forth thou horrid instrument of death.
Ball. Do you heare him, Sir? Sim. I, to my comfort Ballio.
Afot. I will dispeople earth, and drown the world
In crimson flouds, and purple deluges.
The old, the young, the weak, the lusty wight,
Souldiers and scholars, fair and foul together,
Men, women, children, infants, all shall die.
I will have none survive that shall have left
Above one eye, three quarters of a face,
And half a nose. I will carve legs and arms
As at a feast. Henceforth to all posterite
Mankinde shall walk on crutches. Phryn. Cruell Mars!
Let the conjunction of my milder starre
Temper the too malignant force of thine.
The drumme, the fife, and trumpet shall be turn'd
To lutes, and cithernes. We will drink in helmets,
And cause the souldier turn his blade to knives:
To conquer capons, and the stubble goose:
No weapons in the age to come be known,
But sword of Bacon, and the shield of Brawn.
Daigne me a kisse, great Warrior. Afot. Hogsheads of Nectar

Are treasur'd in the warehouse of her worth.
That kisse hath sancion'd thousands from the grave.

Phryne. Let me redeem more thousands with a second.

Afot. Rage melts away. I pardon half the world.

Phryne. O let me kiss away all rigour from thee.

Afot. Live mortalls live. Death has no more to do.

And yet me thinks a little rigour's left.

Phryne. Thus shall it vanish. *Afot.* Vanish rigour, vanish.
Harnesse the lions; make my chariot ready;

Venus and I will ride. *Phryne.* How ? drawn by lions?

Afot. I, thou shal kiss 'em till their rigour vanish

(As mine has) into size. I will have these play

With Ounces, Tigers, and the Panthers whelp,

As with a Squirrel. Beares shall waig on thee,

And spotted Leopards shall thy Monkies be.

Sit down my Queen, and let us quaff a bowl:

Seest thou, my Phryne, what a fair retinue

I have provided thee? These forthy defence

'Gainst any Lady rivals thee in beauty.

And these on all occasions shall went forth

Swelling Encomiums. — Say Bomolochus,

How sings my Mistresse ?

Bom. The Grasshopper chaunts not his Autumnne quire
So sweet, nor Cricket by the chimney fire.

Afot. They le make thee any thing. Thou art already
Cricket and Grasshopper. — Charius, how does she dance?

Cher. Have you beheld the little sable beast
Clad in an Ebon mantle, hight a flea,
Whose supple joynts so nimblly skip and caper
From hemme to sleeve, from sleeve to hemme again,
Dancing a measure o're a Ladies smock,
With motion quick, and courtly equipage?
So trips fair Phryne o're the flowry stage.

Afot. Now thou art a flea. — How snorts she as she sleeps?

Bom. Zephyrus breaths not with a sweeter gale
Through a grove of sycomore. The soft spring
Chides not the pebles that disturb his course

With

With sweeter murmur. Let Amphion's stule
 (That built our Theban walls) be henceforth mute,
 Orpheus shall break his harp, and silent be,
 The reed of Pan, and pipe of Mercury:
 Yea, though the spheres be dumb, I care not for'ts
 No musick such as her melodious snort.

Afot. Melodious snort ! With what decorum spits she !

Cher. Like the sweet gummures that from Electar trees
 Distill, or honey of the labouring bees:
 Like morning dew that in a pleasant shou're
 Drops pearls into the bosome of a flowre ;
 Cupid with acorn cups close by her sits,
 To snatch away the Nectar that she spits.

Afot. Ballio, present me with the crowns of laurell.
 Thus I drop wine the best of Helicon
 On your learn'd heads, and crown you thus with bayes.
 Rise Poets laureat both ! Favour Apollo !

Borb. The Muses and Afotus be propitious !
Afot. I will nothave you henceforth sneak to Taverns,
 And prep like fiddlers into Gentlemen's rooms,
 To shark for wine and radishes : nor lie sentinell
 At Ordinaries, nor take up at playes
 Some novice for a supper : you shall deal
 No more in ballads to bewail an execution
 In lamentable rythmes : nor beg in Elegies
 Nor counterfeit a sicknesse to draw in
 A contribution : nor work journey-wock
 Under some play-housc post, that deals in
 Wit by retail : nor shall you task your brains
 To grace a Burgesse new post with a Rebus :
 Or furnish a young suitour with an Anagram
 Upon his mistrellic name : nor studie poshes
 For rings and bracelets. —— Injure not the bough
 Of Daphne : know that you are laureat now.

Bell. How like you this discourses ? *Sims.* Excellent well.
 It is a handsome lassie. If I were young
 (As I am not decrepit) I would give

A talent for a kisse. *Phryne.* Come beauteous Mars,
I'le kembe thy hair smooth as the ravens feather,
And weave those stubborn locks so amorous bracelets;
Then call a livelier red into thy face,
And soften with a kisse thy rugged lips.
I must not have this beard so rudely grow,
But with my needle I will set each hair
In decent order, as you rank your squadrons.

Afor. Here's a full bowl to beauteous Phrynes health:
What durst thou do, Thrasymachus, to the man
That should deny it? *Thras.* Disiect him into atomes.

Hyper. I durst do more for beauteous Phrynes sake.

Thras. What, more then I? Hyperbolus, thou art mortall.

Hyper. Yeeld, or I see a breakfast for the crows.

Thras. Death to my lungs, I spit upon thy fame.

Hyper. Then with my sciel I whip thy rash contempt.

Afor. Brawling you mastives. —— Keep the peace at home,
And joyn your forces 'gainst the common foe.

Phryne. You sha'n't be angry: by this kisse you sha' not.

Afor. I will, unlesse you swear again. *Phryne.* You sha' not.

Sims. Ah, Ballio! Age has made me dry astinder,
And I have taken fire. I burn, I burn.
The spark rak'd up in ashes is broke forth,
And will consume me, Ballio. *Ball.* What's the matter?

Sims. Love, cruel love. I must enjoy that lady
What ever price it cost me. *Ball.* Your sonnes mistresse?

Sims. Sonne, or not sonne. —— Let this intreat, and this.

Ball. This will perswade. I must remove your sonne,
His fury else will surely stand 'twixt us
And our desigues. —— Old lecher, I will fit you,
And geld your bags for this. You shall be milk'd,
Emptied, and pumpt. Spunge, we will squeeze you spunge;
And send you to suck more. —— Invincible Mars.

Afor. What sayes the governour of our younger yeares?
Ball. You have worn this plot of Mars too stale already.
O shift your self into all shapes of love.
Women are taken with varietie.

What

What think you of Oberon the king of Fayties?
I know 'twill strike her fancie.

Afor. Businesse calls,
Drink on, for our return shall sudden be.

SCEN. VI.

Ballio, Simo, Thrasymachus, Hyperbolus, Charilus,
Bomolochus, Phryne.

Ball. PHryne, here is a boy of wealth, my girle,
The golden bull that got this golden calf
Deeply in love with thee. *Phryn.* Let me alone,
I'le fleece him. — *Ball.* Melt him, Phryne, melt him:
We must not leave this mine till we have found
The largenesse of the vein. — Suck like an horse-leach.
Come, Sir, and boldly enter: I have choak't out
A n easie path to treading; 'twill direct you
To your wished journeys end, and lodge you safe
In her soft arms. *Sim.* Thou art my better Angel.
Wilt thou eat gold, drink gold, lie in gold,
I have it for thee. Old men are twice children,
And so was I, but I am grown again
Up to right man. — Thou shalt be my Tutour too.
Is there no stools, or tables? *Ball.* What to doe?

Sim. I would vault over them, to shew the strength
And courage of my back. *Ball.* Strike boldly in, Sir.

Sim. Save you, Gentlemen. If you want gold, here's for you.
Give me some wine: Mistrefie, a health to you:
Pledge me, and spicke the cup with these and these.
Thou shalt have better gowns. *Thras.* A brave old boy.

Hyper. There's mettall in him. *Char.* I will sing thy praise:
In fines heroick. *Bom.* I will tune my lyre,
And chaunt an ode that shall eternize thee.

Phryn. Of what a sweet aspect! how lovely look'd
Is this fine Gentleman! — I hope you know
It is in Thebes the custome to salute
Fair ladies with a kisse. — *Sim.* She is enamour'd.

Sure I am younger then I thought my self.
Fair Lady, health and wealth attend thee.

Phryne. Good Sir, another kiss; you have a breath
Compos'd of odours. *Sim.* Buy thee toys with this:
I'le send thee more. *Phryne.* How ravishing is his face?

Sim. That I should have so ravishing a face,
And never know it! —— Miser that I was!
I will go home and buy a looking glasse,
To be acquainted with my parts hereafter.

Phryne. Come, lie thee down by me; here we will sit.
How comely are these silver hairs? This hand
Is e're as right to my own minde, as if
I had the making of it. Let me throw
My arms about thee. *Ball.* How the burre cleaves to him!

Sim. This remnant of my age will make amends
For all the time that I have spent in care.

Phryne. Give me thy hand. How smooth a palm he has!
How with a touch it melteth! *Ball.* The rogue abuses him
With his greasy fists. *Phryne.* Let us score kisses up
On one anothers lips. Thou shalt not speak,
But I will suck thy wordes ere they have felt
The open aire. —— *Sim.* That I should live so long,
And ignorant of such a wealth as this!

SCEN. VII.

*Sim., Thrasy machus, Hyperbolus, Cheryllus,
Bemoloctus, Phryne, Astarus.*

Astarus. Now am I Oberon prince of Fairy land.
N And Phryne shall be Mab my Empress fair:
My soldiars twa' ll be instantly transform
To Will-with-a-wisp, and Robin-goodfellow,
And make my brace of Poets transmigrate
Into Pigwiggins and Sir Peppercorn.
It were a pretie whimsy now to counterfeit
That I were jealous of my Phrynes love.
The humour would be excellent, and become me

Better

Better then either Tyndarus or Techne gla.
Thus will I walk as one in deadly dumps.

Sim. When shall we marry? *Phryne.* I can hardly stay
Till morning. *Afot.* O what Fury shot
A viper through my soul! Here Love with twenty bows
And twenty thousand arrows layes his siege
To my poore heart.— *O Phryne, Phryne!*
I have no cause why to suspect thy love.
But if all this be cunning, as who knows?
Away foul finne. O eyes, what mischief do you see!

Ball. O, I could burst with laughter. Here will be
A prety scene of mirth. *Sim.* Thou dost not love me.
My boy Afotus, my yeung sprightly boy
Has stoln thy heart away. *Phryne.* He? a poore mushrum?
Your boy? I should have gues'd him for your father.
He has a skin as wrinckled as a Tortoise.
I have mista'ne him often, for a hedge-hog
Crept out on's skin. Pray keep the fool at home.

Afot. Patience go live with cuckolds. I desie thee,
Villain, rogue, traitour, do not touch my deare
So to unsanctifie her tender skin,
Nor cast a goatish eye upon a hair,
To make that little thred of gold profaned,
Or gaze but on her shoe-string that springs up
A reall rose, from vertue of her foot,
To blast the odours: grim-fac'd death shall hurry thee
To Styx, Cocytus, and fell Phlegethon.

Sim. Afotus, good Afotus, I am thy father.
Afot. I no Afotus am, nor thou my sire,
But angry and incensed Oberon.

Sim. All that I have is thine, though I could vie
For every silver hair upon my head
A piece in gold.— *Afot.* I should send you to the barbours.

Sim. All, all is thine: let me but share
A little in thy pleasures: onely relish
The sweetnesse of 'um. *Afot.* No, I will not have
Two spenders in a house. Go you and revell,

I will

I will go home and live a drudges life,
 As you ha' done, to scrape up pelf together:
 And then forsware all Tutours, Souldiers, Poets,
 Women, and wine. I will forget to eat,
 And starve my self to the bignesse of a polecat.
 I will disclaim his faith that can beleeve
 There is a Taverne, or a Religious place
 For holy Nunnes that vow incontinence,
 And have their beads to sin by. — Get you home.
 You kisse a Gentlewoman to endanger
 Your chattering teeth? — Go, you have done your share
 In getting me: to furnish the next age
 Must be my province. Go, look you to yours.
 Lie with your mustie bags, and get more gold.
 S'lid, anger me, and I'le turn drudge for certain.

Sim. Aslotus, good Aslotus pardon me.

Aslot. I wonder you are not ashamed to ask pardon.

Sim. It was the dotage of my age, Aslotus.

Aslot. Who bid you live untill this age of dotage?

Sim. I will abjure all pleasures but in thee.

Aslot. This something qualifies. *Sim.* It shall be my sport
 To maintain thine. Thou shalt eat for both,
 And drink for both. — *Aslot.* Good: this will qualifie more.

Sim. And here I promise thee to make a joynture
 Of half the land I haye to this fair Lady.

Aslot. This qualifies all. You have your pardon, Sir?
 But heare you, Sir, it must be paid for too.
 To morrow Mab Ithee mine Empresse crown.

Ball. All friends. A merry cup go round. What? Captains
 And Poets here, and leave the sack for flies?

SCEN. VIII.

*Ballio, Aslotus, Phryne, Simo, Thrasimachus, Hyperb.
 Charilus, Bomolochnus, Tyndarus.*

Hyp. **T**hrasimachus, a whole one. *Thras.* Done: I'le pledge
 thee.

Though

Though 'twere a deluge. ——By my feel you have left
Enough to drown an island, Charibus.

Char. And 'twere the famous fount of Hippocrene,
I'd quaff it off all, though the great Apollo
And all the Muses died for thirst, Bomolochous.

Bom. Come boy, as deep as is Parnassus high.

Tyn. What nurserie of sinne is this? what temple
Of lust and riot? Was this place alone
Thought a fit wittesse for the knitting up
Chaste and religious love? Deeds dark as hell,
Incest and murder might be acted here.
The holy god of Marriage never lighted
His sacred torch at so pretane a den.
It is a cage for schreech-owls, bats, and ravens,
For crows and kites, and such like birds of prey.
But the chaste turtle, the indulgent pelican,
And pious stork, lie hance as from infection.
Evadne meet me here? Is she a parcell
Of the damn'd family? Are there such white devils
Among their Succubas? No, thou art wrong'd, Evadne:
And there be some that scatter snakes amongst us,
Have stung too deep already.

SCEN. IX.

Ballio, Asotus, Charibus, Simo, Hyperbolus,
Thrasimachus, Tyndarus, Evadne.

Tyn. **B**lesse me eyes! My troubled fancies fool me. I am lost
In a distracted dream. It is noes she.
Awake thee Tyndarus: what strange-sleeps are these!
Me thinks I am in hell, and yet behold!
A glorious Angel there. Or have these devils
Broke into Paradise? for the place is such,
She blesses with her presence. ——Meere contradictions,
Chimeras, of a restless brain. *Evad.* Diana,
And what o'er Goddesse else proceeds.

Untouch'd virginity, shield me with your powers.
 To what a wilderness have my wandring steps
 Betray'd me! sure this cannot be a place
 To meet my Tyndarus in. *Tyn.* 'Tis Evadne,
 'Tis the fair-foul Evadne. Now my sword,
 That hadst a good edge to defend this woman,
 Go send her soul into another mansion
 Black as it selfe. It is too foul a tenant
 For this fair palace. Stay yet, too forward steel,
 Take her incircled in her stallions arms,
 And kill two finnes together. —Let 'um be
 At hell to beare the punishment of lust
 E're it be fully acted. *Evad.* What strange fancies
 My maiden fears present me! Why, I know not
 But this suspicion seldom bodeth good.

Thras. A handsome Bona Roba, and my prize.
Hyper. I do deny't, she's my monopoly.

Char. Perchance she may one of the Muses be,
 And then claim I a share for Poetrie.

Evad. If ever silly lambe thus stray'd before
 Into a flock of wolves, or harmlesse dove
 Not only made the prey, but the contention
 Of ravenous eagles; such poore soul am I.

Thras. Give me a buffe, my girlie. *Evad.* If there be here
 A Gentleman in whom there lives a spark
 Of vertuenot yet out, I do beseech him,
 By all the ashes of his ancestours,
 And by the constant love he bears his mistresse,
 To rescue innocence and virginity
 From these base monsters. I for him will pay
 A thousand prayers a morning, all as pure
 And free from earthly thought, as c'refound passage
 Through the strict gate of heav'n. *Tyn.* That's a task for me.
 A way fowl ravishers, I will teach my sword
 Justice to punish you. Such a troupe of Harpyes
 To force a Ladies honour! I will quench
 With your own bloud the rage of that hot lust

That

That spurr'd you on to base and bold attemptes,

Afet. Flie, Phryne, sic, for dangers do surround.

Sim. This is a pleasure that I care not for.

Exeunt.

SCEN. X.

Tyndarus, Evadne.

Tyn. Lady be safe. *Evad.* Sir, may this favour done
An injur'd maid call blessings on your head
In plenteous shewres! *Tyn.* This courtesie deserves
Some fair requitall. *Evad.* May plum'd victory
Wait on your sword: and if you have a mistrefie,
May she be fair as lilies, and as chaste
As the sweet morning dew that loads the heads
Of drooping floweres: may you have fair children
To propagate your vertues to posterity
And blesse succeeding times.—*Tyn.* Heaven be not deaf!

Evad. May you and plenty never live asunder.
Peace make your bed,—and—*Tyn.* Prayer is cheap reward.
And nothing now bought at a rate so easie
As that same highway ware.—Heaven blesse your worship.
In plain words Lady (I can use no language
But what is blunt) I must do what they would ha' done.

Evad. Call back your words, and lose not that reward
Heaven is ingag'd to pay you. *Tyn.* Come: no circumstance.
Your answer? quick. *Evad.* I beg it on my knees,
Have a respect to your own soul, that finks
In this dishonour, Sir, as deep as mine.

Tyn. You are discourteous, Lady! *Evad.* Let these teares
Plead for me: did you rescue me from theees,
To rob me of the jewell you preserv'd?

Tyn. Why do I trifle time away in begging
That may command.—Proud Damsel, I will force thee.

Evad. I thank thee blest occasion:—Now I dare she snatches a fillet out of his pocket.
Defy thee devil: here is that shall keep
My chastity secure, and arm a maid,

To scorn your strength, *Tyn.* Be not too masculine, *Lady.*

Evd. Stand off, or I will search my heart with this
And force my bloud a passing, chakin anger.
Shall file into thy face, and tell thee boldly
Thou art a villain. *Tyn.* Incomparable *Lady?*
By all those powers that the blest men adote,
And the worst fear, I have no black designe
Upon your honour; only as a soldier
I did desire to prove whether my swerd
Had a deserving causes I would be loth
To quarrell for light ware. Now I have found you
Full weight, I'll weare his life upon my point
That injures so much goodnessie. *Evd.* You speak honour.

Tyn. Blest be this minute, sanctifie it, Time,
'bove all thy calendar. Now I finde her gold,
This touchstone gives her perfect. The discovery
Of ne're found kingdomes, wherre the plow turns up
Rich oare in every furrow, is to this.
A poore successe. Now all my doubts are clear'd,
And I daue boldly say, Be happy Tyndarus!

SCEN. II.

Tyndarus, Evadne, Pamphilus.

Pam. Great Queen of love, save when the labouring sea
Did bring forth thee, before she was deliver'd,
Her violent throws had rais'd a thousand storms.
Yet now, I hope after so many wracks
That I have suffer'd in thy troubled waves,
Thou now wil land me safe. *Tyn.* Pamphilus here
He comes to meet Evadne. This is their house
Of toleration. She had spild me out
Through my disguise; and with what studied art,
What crooning language, how well affecte gesture,
How much of that unbounded store of teares
She wrought on my credulity! The Fox,
Hysna, Crocodile, and all beasts of craft,

Have

Have been distill'd to make one wretched w^m.

Exit.

Eavad. And has he left me in this dragons den!
A spoil to rapine! what defence, poore w^m!
Hast thou against these wilde and savage beasts?
My starres were cruell: If you be courteous eyes,
Weep me a flood of teates, and drown me in't,
And be Physicians to my sorrows now,
That have too long beene Heralds of my grief.
My thred of life has hitherto drawn out
More woes then minutes. *Pam.* Health to the fair Eavadne.

Eavad. Is any left so courteous to wish health
To the distres'd Eavadne? *Pamphilus?*

Pam. Is my Techmessa here? *Eavad.* Now all the Gods
Preserve her hence, there is in hell more safety
Among the Furies — Mischief built this house
For all her family. Gentle Pamphilus,
See me delivered from this jay, this dungeon,
This horrid vault of lust.

SCEN. XII.

Pamphilus, Tyndarus, Techmessa, Eavadne.

Pam. Take comfort, Lady.
T Your honour stands safe on his guard, while I
Can use a sword. *Eavad.* You have confirmed me, Sir.
Tyn. How close they wende, like glutinous snakes engendring.
Teob. Well sister, I shall study to requisite
This courteous treachery. *Eavad.* Pamphilus, in me
All starres conspire to make affliction perfect.

Pam. Wait on heavens pleasure, Madam: such a one
The heavens ne're made for misery, they but give you
These crosses as sharp sauce to whet your appetite
For some choice banquet. Or they mean to lead you
Through a vault dark and obscure as hell,
To make your paradise a sweter prospect. — Thus I feed

Others with hopes, while mine own wounds do bleed.

Exeunt Eavadne, Pamphilus.

SCEN. XIII.

Tyndarus, Techmessa.

Teb. **V**hy should we toil thus in an endlesse search
Of what we now behold? — Let us grow wise,
I loath false Pamphilus — yet I could have lov'd him:
And if he were but faichfull, could do still.

Tyn. Sure were Evadne false, yet Pamphilus
Would not be made the instrument to wrong me.
Or suppose Pamphilus were a treacherous brother;
Me thinks Evadne should be kinder to me.
Techmessa joyn with me in one search more.

Enter Ballio and Aſot.

SCEN. X III.

Tyndarus, Techmessa, Ballio, Aſotus.

Tyn. **O** Ballio, 'tis in you and deare Aſotus
To maketwo wretches happy. *Aſot.* Then be happy.
Tyn. I'le make you two joyn't heirs of my estate,
And you shall give it out we two are dead
By our own hands. And beare us both this night
To church in coffins. Whence we'le make eſcape,
And bid farewel to Thebes. *Aſot.* Would you not boch
Be buried in one coffin? then the grave
Would have her tenants multiply: — heare you Tutour,
Shall not we be ſuspected for the murder,
And choke with a hempen ſquinçy? *Tyn.* To ſecure you,
We'le write before what we intend to aſt:
Our hands shall witnessſe with your innocence.

Ball. Well! Come the worſt, I'le venture; — and perchance
You ſhall not die in jeft again o'th' ſuddain.

Tyn. What ſtrange Maſanders Cupid leads us through!
When moft we forward go, we backward moye.
There is no path ſo intricate as Love!

ACTUS

ACTUS IIII. SCEN. I.

Ballio, Asotus, Cherilus, and Bomolochus, bearing the coffin of Techmessa; Hyperocrus, Thrasimachus bearing the coffin of Tyndarus, a servans.

Ball. Arry these letters unto Chremylus house.
Give this to Pamphilus, to Eudene that,
And certifie 'um of this sad event.
It will draw teares from theirs—As from
my eyes,
Because they are not reall obsequies.

Asot. So great my grief, so dolorous my disaster,
I know not in what language to expresse it,
Unless I should be dumbe! — Sob — sob Asotus,
Sob till thy buttons break, and crack thy bandstrings
With lamentation, and distress'd condoling,
With blubberd eyes behold this spectacle
Of mans mortaliuty. — O my dearest Tyndarus!

Thras. Learn of us Captains to outface grimme death,
And gaze the lean-chapt monster in the face.

Asot. I, and I could but come to see his face,
I'de scratch his eyes out.— O the ugly Rogue!
Could none but Tyndarus and fair Techmessa
Serve the vyle varlet to lead apes in hell?

Hyper. I have seen thousands figh't out souls in grones:
And yet have laugh'd:—it has been sport to see,
A mangled carcase broach'd with so many wounds
That life has been in doubt which to get out at.

Asot. Are crawling vermine of so choice a diet?
Would I were then a worm, freely to feed
On such a delicate and Ambrosian dish:
Fit to be serv'd a banquet to my bed!
But O— Techmessa death has swallowed thee,
Too sweet a sop for such a fiend as he.

Chsr.

Cbs. Chase hence these shewres, for since they both were dead,
Teares will not bribe the fates for a new thread.

Bom. Inexorable sisters, — Be not sorry
For Clotho's distaff will be peremptory!

Afot. Go then, and dip your pens in gall and vineger
To rail on Mors, cruel — impartiall Mors;
The savage Tyrant — all-devouring Mors;
The envious, wicked, and malicious Mors;
Mors that respects not valour, Mors that cares not
For wit or learning, Mors that spares not honour;
Mors whom wealth bribes not, Mors whom beauty tempts not.
Thus loudly rail on Mors, that Mors may know it
To be reveng'd on Mors I keep a Poet.

Tbraf. If Mors were here, the Skeleton should know
I'd cut his charnells bones to dice, for grieving
Our noble Generall — Courage boar chevalier!

SCEN. II.

Simo, Afotus, Ballie, Thrafitachus, Hyperbolus

Charibis, Bonneleachus.

Sims. Why is my boy so sad? — Tell me Afotus:
If dissolv'd gold will cure thee, melt a Treasure.

Afot. O sad mischance! *Sims.* What grieves my hope — my joy,
My staff, my comfort? *Afot.* Wofull accident!

Sims. Have I not barracado'd all my doores,
And stop't each chink and cranny in my house,
To keep out poverty and lean misfortune?
Where crept this sorrow in? *Afot.* Here, through my heart,
O father, I will tell you such a story
Of such a sad and lamentable nature,
'Twill crack your parric strings. *Sims.* Ha? what story, boy?
My friend, my deare friend Tyndarus, Sir, is dead.

— And, to augment my sorrow, — kill'd himself,
And yet to adde more to my heap of griefs,
Left me and Ballies — his estate — *Sims.* A last
Is not this counterfeit sorrow well express?

Bal.

Ball. But I grieve truely that I grieve in jest;

Simo. Half his estate to thee, and half to Ballio?

A thousand pities. —— Gently rest his bones.

I cannot but weep with thee. *Ball.* Sir, you see

If you had left him nothing, my instructions

Can draw in patrimonies. *Simo.* He is rich

In nothing but a Tutor. —— Good Asetus,

Though sorrow be a debt due to the herse

Of a dead friend, and we must wet the turf

Under whose roof he lodges: yet we must not

Be too immoderate. *Aset.* Beare me witness, heaven!

I us'd no force of Rhetorick, no persuasions

(What e're the wicked and malicious world

May rashly censure) to instigate these two

To their own deaths. I knew not of the plot,

All of you know that I am ignorant.

Phryne. Where is my love? shall sorrow rivall me, Sister Phryne.

And hang about thy neck? If grief be got

Into thy cheeks, I'll clap it out. —— Deare chicken,

You sha'not be so sad, indeed you sha'not.

Be merry; by this kisse I'll make you merry.

Aset. Then wipe my eyes. —— Thus when the clouds are gone,
The day again is gilded by the sunne.

SCEN. III.

Ballio, Asetus, Simo, Phryne, Thrasimachus, Hyperb.

Charilus, Bomoelochus, Sexton.

Aset. **V**Ho's within here? *Sext.* What's the matter without there?

Aset. Ha! What art thou? *Sext.* The last of tailours, Sir, that ne'retake measure of you, while you have hope to weare a new suit.

Aset. How deſt thou live? *Sext.* As worms do: —— by the dead.

Aset. A witty rascal. Let's have ſome diſcourse with him.

Thras. Are any ſouldiers bones in garrison here?

Sext. Faith, Sir, but few: they like poore travellers
Take up their issue by chance: but some there be.

Tbraf. Do not those warlike bones in dead of night

Rise up in arms, and with tumultuous broyls

Waken the dormise that dull peace hath lull'd

Into a lethargie? — Dost not heare 'um knock

Against their coffins, till they crack and break

The marble into shivers that intombes 'um?

Making the temple shake as with an earthquake,

And all the statues of the gods grow pale,

Affrighted with the horrour? *Sext.* No such matter.

Hyper. Do they not call for arms? and fright thee, mortall,

Out of thy wits? Do they not break the legs,

And crush the skuls that dare approach too neare

Their honour'd graves? — When I shall come to dwell

In your dark family, if a noysome carcase

Offend my nostrils with too rank a sent,

Know — I shall rage — and quarrell, — till I fright

The poore inhabitants of the charnell house:

That here shall run a toe, a shin-bone there:

Here creeps a hand, there trowles an arm away.

One way a crooked rib shall halting hie,

Another you shall trundling finde a skull.

Like the distractid citizens of a town

Beleaguer'd, — and in danger to be taken.

Afst. For heavens sake, Sexton, lay my quiet bones

By some precise religious officer,

One that will keep the peace. — These roaring captains,

With blustring words and language full of dread,

Will make me quit my tombe, and run away

Wrap't in my winding sheet, — as if grim Minos,

Stern Aeacus, and horrid Rhadamanth

Enjoyn'd the corps a penance. *Sext.* Never fear it.

This was a captains skull, one that carried a storm in his countenance, and a tempest in his tongue. The great bug-beare of the citie, that threw drawers down the stairs as familiarly as quart-pots; and had a pension from the Barbour-chirurgeons for breaking

ing.

ing of pates. A fellow that had ruin'd the noses of more bawds and pandars, then the disease belonging to the trade. ——And yet I remember when he went to buriall, another corsé took the wall of him, and the ban-dog ne're grumbled.

Afot. Then skull (although thou be a captain's skull)
I say thou art a coward, ——and no Gentleman;
Thy mother was a whore, ——and thou liest in thy throat.

Hyper. Do not, live hare, pull the dead lions beard.

Afot. No, good Hyperbolus, I but make a jest
To show my reading in moralities.

Char. Do not the ashes of deceased Poets
Inspir'd with sacred fury, carroll forth
Enthusiastick raptures? Dost not heare 'um
Sing mysteries, and talk of things conceal'd
The rest of mortall judgements? Dost not see
Apollo and the Muses every night
Dance rings about their tombs? *Bom.* Do not roses,
Lilies, and violets grow upon their graves?
Shoots not the laurell that impal'd their brows
Into a tree, to shadow their blest marble?
Do they not rise out of their shrowds to read
Their Epitaphs? and if they like 'um not,
Expunge 'um, and write new ones? Do they not
Rore in caliginous terms, and vapour forth
From reeking entrals fogs Egyptian,
To puzzle even an oculate intellect?
Prate they not cataracts of insensible noise,
That with obstreperous cadence cracks the organs
Aeroamatick, till the deaf auditor
Admires the words he heares not?

Sext. This was a poeticall noddle, O the sweet lines, choice
language, eloquent figures, besides the jests, half jests, quarter
jestes, and quibbles that have come out o'these chaps that yawn so!
He has not now so much as a new-coyn'd-complement to pro-
cure him a supper. The best friend he has may walk by him now,
and yet have ne're a jeere put upon him. His mistresse had a little
dog deceased the other day, and all the wit in this noddle could

not pump out an Elegie to bewail it. He has been my tenant this seven years, and in all that while I never heard him rail against the times, or complain of the neglect of learning. Melibornene and the rest of the Muses have a good time on't that he is dead: for while he lived, he ne're left calling upon 'em. He was buried (as most of the tribe) at the charge of the parish, and is happier dead than alive: for he has now as much money as the best in the company, —— and yet has left off the poetical way of bogging, call'd Borrowing.

Afor. I scorn thy Lyrick and Heroick strain,
Thy tart Iambick, and Satyrick vein.
Where be thy querks and tricks? show me again
The strange conundrums of thy frisking brain,
Thou Poets skull, and say, What's rhyme to chimney?

Sext. Alas! Sir, you ha' pos'd him: he cannot speak to give you an answer, though his mouth be always open. A man may safely converse with him now, and never fear stalling in a crowd of verses. And now a Play of his may be freely censur'd, without a libel upon the audience. The boyes may be bold to cry it down.

Ball. I cannot yet contrive it handilomy.
Me thinks the darknesse of the night shold prompt me
To a plot of that complexion. — Ruminante,
Ruminante Ballio, *Phrym.* Pray, Sir, how does death
Deal with the Ladies? Is he so unmannerly
As not to make distinction of degrees?
I hope the rougher bones of men have had
More education, then to trouble theirs
That are of gentler stoffe.

Sext. Death is a blunt villain, Madam: he makes no distinction betwixt Jone and my Lady. This was the prime Madam in Thebes, the generall mistesse, the onely adored beauty. Little would you think there were a couple of starres in these two auger-holes: or that this pit had been arch'd over with a handsome nose, that had been at the charges to maintain half a dozen of severall silver ratches to uphold the bridge. It had been a mighty favour once, to have kiss'd these lips that grin so. This mouth out of all the Madams' boxes cannot now be furnished with a set of teeth.

teeth. She was the coyest overcurious dame in all the city: her chambermaids misplacing of a hair, was as much as her place came to. — Oh! if that Lady now could but behold this physiognomy of hers in a looking-glass, what a monster would she imagine her self! Will all her periwinkles, tyres and dressies, with her chargeable teeth, with her ceruse and pomatum, and the benefit of her painter and doctor, make this idol up again?

Paint Ladies while you live, and plaster fair,
But when the house is fallen 'tis past repair.

Phryne. No matter, my Asotus: Let death do His pleasure then, we'll do our pleasures now. Each minute that is lost is past recall. This is the time allotted for our sports, 'Twere ~~sister~~ to pass it. While our lips are soft, And our embraces warm, we'll twine and kiss. When we shall be such things as these, let worms crawl through our eyes, and eat our noses off, It is no matter. While we liv'd, we liv'd.

Asot. And when we die, we die. We will be both embalm'd In precious unguents to delight our sense, And in our grave we'll buffe, and hug, and dally As we do here: for death can nothing be To him that after death shall lie with thee. Sexton, receive these coffins to the temple; But not interre them, — for they both are guilty Of their own bloud, — till we make expiation T'assayl the fact. — Tutor reward the Sexton. I'll come sometimes and talk moralitie with him.

Ball. This, Sir, my Papill gives you: — but hereafter Fle more then treble it, if you be no enemie To your own profit. *Sext.* Profit's my religion.

Asot. Now you that bore my dead friends to the grave, Ulster my living mistresse home again. Thus joy with grief alternate courses share, Fortune, I see thy wheel in all affairs.

Exeunt omnes prater Sexton.

SCEN. IIII.

Sexton, and his wife Staphyla.

Sext. **S**taphyla, why Staphyla: I hope she has ta'ne her last sleep. Why when, Staphyla?

Staph. What a life have I? I, that can never be quiet. I can no sooner lie down to take my rest, but presently Staphyla, Staphyla. What's the news?

Sext. A prize, my rogue, a prize.

Staph. Where? or from whom?

Sext. Why, thou knowest I rob no where but on the highway to heaven, such as are upon their last journey thither. Thou and I have been land-pyrats this six and thirty yeares, and have pillaged our share of Charons passengers. Here are a couple of sound sleepers, and perchance their clothes will fit us. Then will I walk like a Lord, and thou shalt be my Madam, Staphyla.

Staph. Truely, husband, I have had such fearfull dreams to night, that I am perwaded (though I think I shall never turn truely honest again) to rob the dead no more. For, me thought, as you and I were robbing the dead, the dead took heart, and rob'd us.

Sext. Tush, dreams are idle things. There is no felonie warrantable but ours, for it is grounded on rules of charity. Is it fitting the dead should be cloath'd, and the living go naked? Besides, what is it to them whether they lie in sheets or no? Did you ever heare of any that caught cold in his coffin? Moreover, there is safety and security in these attempts: What inhabitant of the grave that had his house broke open, accus'd the thief of Burglarie? Lock here: This is a Lawyers skull. There was a tongue in't once, a damnable eloquent tongue, that would almost have perwaded any man to the gallows. This was a turbulent busie fellow, till death gave him his *Quietus est*. And yet I ventured to rob him of his gown, and the rest of his habiliments, to the very buckrum-bag, not leaving him so much as a poore half-peny to pay for his waftage: and yet the good man ne're rep'nd at it. Had he been alive, and were to have pleaded against me,

me, how would he have thundred it? —Behold (most grave Judges) a fact of that horrour and height in sinne, so abominable, so detestable in the eyes of heaven and earth, that never any but this dayes cause presented to the admiration of your eares. I can not speak it without trembling, 'tis so new, so unus'd, so unheard-of a villanie! But that I know your Lordships confident of the honestie of your poore Oratour, I should not hope by all my reasons, grounds, testimonies, arguments, and perswasions to gain your belief. This man, said I man? this monster rather: but monster is too easie a name; this devil, this incarnate devil, having lost all honesty, and abjur'd the profession of vertue, Rob'd, (a sinne in the action.) But who? The dead. What need I aggravate the fault? the naming the action is sufficient to condemne him. I say, he rob'd the dead. The dead! Had he rob'd the living, it had been more pardonable: but to rob the dead of their clothes, the poore impotent dead, that can neither card, nor spin, nor make new ones, O 'tis most audacious and intolerable! —Now you have well spoke, why do you not after all this Rhetorick, put your hand behinde you, to receive some more instructions backward? Now a man may clappe you o'th' coxcombe with his spade, and never stand in fear of an action of batterie.

Stapb. For this one time, husband, I am induced; but insooth I will not make a common practise of it. Knock you up that coffin, and I'll knock up this.—Rich and glorious!

Sext. Bright as the sunne! Come, we must strip you Gallants; the worms care not for having the dishes serv'd up to their table cover'd.

O, O, O!

Stapb. Heaven shield me! O, O, Q!

Tyndarus and
Teckmessa rise
from the coffins,
and the Sexton and his wife affrighted, fall into a swoon.

SCEN.

SCEN. V.

Tyndarus and Techmessa.

Tyn. How poore a thing is man, whom death it self
*H*Cannot protect from injuries! O ye gods!
 Is't not enough our wretched lives are tois'd
 On dangerous seas, but we must stand in fear
 Of Pyrates in the haven too? Heaven made us
 So many butts of clay, at which the gods
 In cruell sport shoot miseries. — Yet, I hope,
 Their spleen's grown milder, and this blest occasion
 Offers it self an earnest of their mercy.
 Their fiends have furnish'd us with fit disguises
 To quiet our perplexed soules. Techmessa,
 Let me array you in this womans robes,
 I'll weare the Sextons garments in exchange.
 Our shreets and coffins shall be theirs.

Tesch. Deare Tyndatus!
 In all my life I never found such peace
 As in this coffins it presented me
 The sweets that death affords. — Man has no libertie
 But in this prison. — Being once lodg'd here,
 He's fortifyed in an impregnable fort,
 Through which no doubts, suspicions, jealousies,
 No sorrows, cares, or wilde distractions
 Can force an entrance to disturb our sleeps.

Tyn. Yet to those prisons will we now commit
 These two offenders. *Tesch.* But what benefit
 Shall we enjoy by this disguise? *Tyn.* A great one:
 If my Evadne, or thy Pamphilus
 Ere lov'd as living, they will haste to make
 Atonement for our souls, stain'd with the guilt
 Of our own bloud: if not, they will rejoice
 Our deaths have opened them so cleare a passage
 To their close loves: and with those thoughts posses'd,
 They will forget the torments hell provides
 For those, that leave the warfare of this life

Without

Without a pause from the great General.

Tesch. I hope they may prove constant! Tyn. So pray I,
I will desire yon stáuse, be so courteous
To part with's beard awhile. — So, we are novv
Beyond discovery. Sex. O, O, O! Scapb. O, O, O!

Tyn. Let's use a charm for theſe?

Quiet ſleep, or I will make
Erinnys wrap thee with a ſnake, upon a ſtormy land
And cruell Rhadamanthus take a g̃in to helle to world
Thy body to the boylng lake, and of a wife to ſteal thy ſoul
Where fire and brimſtone never ſanke.
Thy heart ſhall burn, thy head ſhall ſke, And o'er thy head
And o'er thy ſoule ſhakes quake Along the halberdings
And therefore daſcize perſon take.

Tech. Quiet ſleep, or thou ſhalt ſee
The horrid bags of Tartaria,
Whose trefes ugly ſerpents be,
And (verbētus) ſhall dark at thee,
And all the Furies that are there,
The worſt is call'd Tisphone,
Shall laſh thee to eternitie.
And therefore ſleep thou peacefullie.

Tyn. But who comes hither? Ballio, what's his buſineſſe?

SCEN. VI.

Ballio, Tyndarus, Techneſſe

Ball. SExton, I'le open ſart thine eares with a hole, ſo me won I
To make 'um fit to let perſuasions in. Tyn. What do you mean?
Tyn. Theſe, Sir, will cure my deaſneſſe. Ball. Art thou mind
Tyn. Sir, you have bought me. Ball. I'le pay double for thee,
Shall I prevail in my request? Tyn. Ask theſe, — should either of
Ball. Th'art apprehenſive, to the purpoſe thou ſayſt? I'le ſayl to you
Have you not in the temple ſome deep vancie
Ordain'd for buriall? Tyn. Yes, Ball. Then I proceede to it ſoone
We haue to night perform'd the laſt of ſervice
That piety can pay to our dead friends.

Tys. 'Twas charitably done. *Ball.* We brought 'um hither
To their last home.—Now Sir, they both being guilty
Of their own deaths, I fear the laws of Thebes
Deny 'um burial. It would grieve me, Sir,
(For friendship cannot be so soon forgot;
Especially, so firm a one as ours)
To have 'um cast a prey to Wolves and Eagles.
Sir, these religious thoughts have brought me hither
Now at the dead of night; to intreat you,
To cast their coffins into some deep vault,
And to interre 'um.—O my Tyndarus,
All memory shall fail me, e're my thoughts
Can leave th' impression of that love I beare thee.
Thou left' st me half of all the land thou hadst;
And should I not provide thee so much earth
As I can measure by thy length, heaven curse me!

Tys. Sir, if your courtesie had not bound me yours,
This act of goodness had. *Ball.* So true a friend
No age records. —Farewell.—This work succeeds!
Poverty, that shall this story ger,
May learn from hence an art to counterfeit.

Exit Ball.

SCEN. VII.

Tyndarus, Techmessa.

Tys. H ere was a strange deliverance! who can be
So confident of fortune, as to say,
I now am safe? *Teck.* This villain has reveal'd
All our designes to Pamphilus and Evadne:
And they with bribes and hopes of an inheritance,
If you were dead indeed, have won this rascal
To this black treason.—What foul crimes can Lust
Prompt her base vassals to!—Here let us end
Our busie search, and travell o're the world,
To see if any cold and Northern climat
Have entertain'd lost Vertue, long since fled
Our warmer countrey. *Tys.* Ha!—'Tis so!—'Tis so!

I see it with cleare eyes.—O cursed plot!
 And are you brooding crocodiles? I may chance
 To break the serpents egge, e're you have hatch'd
 The viper to perfection. Come Techmessa,
 My anger will no longer be confin'd
 To patient silence. Tedious expectation
 Is but a foolish fire by night, that leads
 The traveller out on's way.—Break forth, my wrath;
 Break like a deluge of consuming fire,
 And scorch 'em both to ashes, in a flame
 Hot as their lust.—No:—'Tis too base a bloud
 For me to spill.—Let 'em e'ne live t' ingender
 A brood of monsters.—May perpetuall jealousy
 Wait on their beds, and poyson their embraces
 With just suspicions: may their children be
 Deform'd, and fright the mother at the birth:
 May they live long, and wretched; all mens hate,
 And yet have misery enough for pity:
 May they be long a dying —of diseases
 Painfull, and loathsome:—Passion, do not hurrie me
 To this unmanly womanish revenge.
 Wilt thou curse Tyndarus when thou wear'st a sword?
 But ha, heark, observe!—

SCEN. VIII.

Pamphilus, Evadne, Tyndarus, Techmessa.

Pam. **VVV**Ait till we call.
 Heaven, if thou haft not emptied all thy treasury
 Of wrath upon me, here I challenge thee
 To lay on more. What torments haft thou left,
 In which thou haft not exercis'd my patience?
 Yet cast up all th' accounts of all my sorrows,
 And the whole summe is trebled in the losse
 Of deare Techmessa. *Tech.* If this grief were real!

Tyn. Be not too credulous. *Pam.* I have stood the self
 Of your afflictions, with this one I fell,

Fell like a rock that had spell'd the rage
Of thousand violent billows, and withstood
Their fierce assaile, while the working Tide
Had undermin'd him; then he falls, and draws
Part of the mountain with him. *Eos.* Pamphilus,
When did you see my sweet heart? prithee tell me,
Is he not gone a maying? — *Tyn.* I will bring me
Some pincke and daylies, hasted moe rowne mornings, I'll have you T
Pray heaven he meet no theyses. *Pam.* Alas Evad!
Thy Tyndarus is dead. *Eos.* What shall I do?
I cannot live without him. *Tyn.* I am mov'd.
Yet I will make this world full of perfectnes. — *Eos.* I am mov'd
What, at this oysome house, when nothing walks to friend A
But souls tormented, calls you from your sweets? — *Tyn.* I am mov'd
To visit our dark cells, inhabited by many a wretched soul.
By death and melancholy. *Eos.* I am come to you this way
To seek my true done here. *Tyn.* Did you see his evil veris yet?
He's come to dwell with you, pray use him well, I ever say him.
He was a proper Gentleman. — *Eos.* I am grieved to say yet
Tyn. Sir, what cause ob noift' — *Eos.* I am grieved to say yet
Inforc'd you hither? *Pam.* I am come to pay
The tribute of my eyes to a dead honest man.

Tyn. Fair Lady, may I ask one question of you? — *Eos.* I am grieved to say yet
Did you admit no love into your bosome
But only his? *Eos.* Alas! you make me weep.
Could any woman love a man, but him?

No Tyndarus, I will not long outlive thee. — *Eos.* I am grieved to say yet
We will be married in Elysium, — *Tyn.* I am grieved to say yet
'And am i atta walke through heth' blessed groves,
And change a thousand daies, — *Eos.* I am grieved to say yet
I am come to you this way

Tyn. I know not whether the joy or grief
Forces teares from me. *Eos.* Weite you constante, Sir, — *Eos.* I am grieved to say yet
To her whose death you now lament? — *Tyn.* I am grieved to say yet
For by those prodiges and apparitions: — *Eos.* I am grieved to say yet
That have to night shak'd the foundations, — *Tyn.* I am grieved to say yet
Of the whole temple you in constancy inhered to me, — *Eos.* I am grieved to say yet
Hath can'd your Mistress so timely exil'd? — *Eos.* I am grieved to say yet

Pam.

Pam. The Swane shall charge his course and finde new paths
To drive his chariot in: The Load-stone leaves her as soon as
His faith unto the North:—The Vixen withintw on flas and
Those strict embraces that infold the Elme in the paviftry
In her kinde arms:—But, if I change my love
From my Techmessa, may I be recorded
To all posterity, Loves great Apostle,
In Cupids anells. Evad. If you weare my Tyndarus, Heliolus and
I pray tell him I will make all haſte to meet him.
I will but weep a while ſirſt. Tyn. Prettie fowlow!

Tech. Sir, you may veile your falſhood in ſooth language, but
And gild it o're with fair hypocriſie, web yeld to me no shew therof
But here has been ſuch groſſe Ghosts that have cried by Foveal
In hollow voices, Pamphilus, O falſe Pamphilus, bring me
Revenge on Pamphilus! Such complaints as theſe
The gods ne're make in vain; oblige you if I may.

Pam. Then there is wretched-conſcience. And are the gods mad? They
Made parties too againſt me?—Pardon them? To avoid ill
If I grow stubborn.—Whiles they preſt my ſhoulders
No more then I could beare, they willingly
Submitted to the burden.—Now they will
To cast it off.—What treachery has bribeid you, before the
Celestiall forms, to be my falſe accuſers?
I challenge you (for you can view my thoughts,
And reade the ſecret characters of my heart.)
Give in your verdict, did you ever finde
Another image graven in my ſoul
Besides Techmessa? No! 'Tis hell has forgd
These ſlie impoſtures; all theſe plots are coyn'd
Out of the devils mintage? Tech. Certainly
There's no falſe fire in thiſſe. Tyn. There cannot be.

Evad. Pray, Sir, direct me where I may embalm
My Tyndarus with my teares. Tyn. There gentle Lady,

Evad. Is thiſſe a casket fit to entertain
A jewell of ſuch value? Pam. Where muſt I lay it up, to pay you
Ray my devotions? Tech. There you dead-Saint lies.

Evad. Hail Tyndarus, may earth but lightly prieſte thee:

And mayst thou finde those joyes thou art gone to taste,
 As true as my affection. Now I know
 Thou canst not choose but love me, and with longing
 Expect my quick arrival: for the soul
 Freed from the cloud of flesh, clearly discerns
 Forms in their perfect nature. If there be
 A guilt upon thy blood, thus I'll redeem it, (offers to kill herself.)
 And lay it all on mine. *Tyn.* What mean you, Lady?

Eavad. Stay not my pious hand. *Tyn.* Your impious rather.
 If you were dead, who then were left to make
 Lustration for his crime? shall foolish zeal
 Perswade you to a hasty death, and so
 Leave Tyndarus to eternity of flames?

Eavad. Pardon me, Tyndarus, I will onely see
 That office done, and then I'll follow thee.

Pam. Thou gentle soul of my deceased love,
 If thou still hoverst here abouts, accept
 The vows of Pamphilus. —If I ever think
 Of woman with affection, but Techmessa,
 Or keep the least spark of a love alive
 But in her ashes: let me never see
 Those blessed fields where gentle lovers walk
 In endlesse joyes. —Why do I idly weep!

I'll write my grief in bloud. *Tecb.* What do you mean?

Pam. Techmessa, I am yet withheld; but suddenly
 I'll make escape to finde thee. *Tecb.* O blest minute!

SCEN. IX.

Dypsas, Tyndarus, Eavadne, Pamphilus, Techmessa.

Dyps. **W**Here shall I lie to hide me from my guilt?
 It follows me, like those that run away
 From their own shadows: that which I would shun
 I beare about me. —Whom shall I appease?
 The living, or the dead? for I have injur'd
 Both you, and them. —O Tyndarus, here I kneel,
 And do confess my self thy cruel murdresse;

And

Act. 3. THE JEWESS AND THE WIDOW.
And thinē, Techmessa. —— Gentle daughter, pardon me.
But how shall I make satisfaction,
That have but one poore life, and have lost two?
Oh Pamphilus! my malice ruin'd thee,
But most Evadne: for at her I aim'd,
Because she is no issue of my wombe,
But trusted by her father to my care,
Her have I followed with a stopdames hate,
As envious that her beauty should eclipse
My daughters honour. —— But the gods in justice
Have ta' ne her hence to punish me. —— My finnes
Match up in troops against me. —— But this potion
Shall purge out life and them. *Tyn.* Be not too rash:
I will revive Techmessa. *Dys.* O sweet daughter!

Pam. Thou haſt reviv'd two lives at once. *Evad.* But I
Still live a widowed virgin. *Tyn.* No, Evadne;
Receive me new created, of a clay
Purg'd from all dreggs, my thoughts do all run clear.
Take hence those coffins, I will have them borne
Trophies before me, when we come to tie
The nuptiall knot: for death has brought us life.
Suspicion made us confident, and weak jealouſie
Hath added strength to our resolved love.
Cupid hath run his maze, this was his day;—
But the next part Hymen intends to play.

ACTUS V. SCEN. I.

Demetrius Colus.



All sacred Thebes, I kisse thy blessed foilie,
And on my knees salute thy feven gates.
Some twentie winters now have glaz'd thy flouds
Since I beheld thy turrets, batter'd then am wall
With warre, that sought the ruine of those walls

Which

Which misick built, when Minos truell tribute
 Rob'd mothers of their dearest babes, to glut
 His ravenous Minotaur, ~~For safety fled~~
 With my yoang sonnes, ~~but~~ call'd thy countreys land
 Upon my head, whom miser made malitious,
 Each father had a curse in store for me,
 Because I shar'd not in the common losse,
 Yet would have willingly chang'd foytunes with me,
 I dare not meet the vulgar's mocke & rage,
 Eager against me, I will therefore study
 Some means to live conceal'd.

Act. 8. Scene. N. V. *Lucius has sent two young men to spy upon his master!*

I send him *Demetrius*, *Aesopus*, *Uiver* and *Witt*.

Aesop. I have heard my mother, *Uiver* saye chiv a civil life?
 Who had more proverby in her mouth then teeth,
 (Peace with her to whom she layeth) Marry too soon,
 Marry too late, *Uiver* saye chiv a civil life?
 A sentence worth my meditation,
 For marriage is a serious thing, prehance,
 Fair Phrync is no maid, for women may
 Be beauteous, yet no virgins, *Uiver* saye chiv a civil life?
 Are not of necessary consequences,
 Or being both fair and chaste, she may be barren,
 And then when I am old, I shall not have
 A boy to dote on, as my father does.

Dem. Kinde fortune fan you with a courteous wing.

Aesop. A pretie complement, Whast art thou fellow?

Dem. A Register of Heaven, a privie Counsellour
 To all the planets, one that has been tenant
 To the twelve houses, Tutor to the Fates,
 That taught *Uiver* of planting, & living, *Witt* of
 One that by speculations in the stars
 Conforgest anything, *Aesop*, How foretell any thing?
 How many years occupis since Thebes was built?
Dem. That is next to foretelle you, *Uiver* saye chiv a civil life?



Of times already past, *Afor.* And canst thou
As well foretell things past, as things to come?
Say, Register of heaven, stid Privy-coonselour
To all the planets, with the rest of your titles,
(For I shall ne're be able to repeat 'um all.)
Shall I, as I intend, to day be married?

Dem. Th' Almutes, or the Lord of the Ascendent,
I finde with Luna corporally joyn'd
To the Almutes of the seventh house,
Which is the matrimoniall family:
And therefore I conclude the nuptials hold.
And yet th' Aspect is not in Trine, or Sextile,
But in the Quartile radiation,
Or Tetrangle, which shewes an inclination
Averse, and yet admitting of reception.
It will, although encountring with impediment,
At last succeed. *Afor.* His? What bold impediment
Is so audacious to encounterre me?
Be he Almutes of what house he pleases;
Let his Aspect be Sextile, Trine, or Quartile;
I do not fear him with his radiacions,
His Tetrangles, and inclinations:
If he provoke my spleen, I'll have him know
I shoul'diers feed shall mince him; and my Poets
Shall with a satyre steep'd in gall and vinegar,
Rime 'um to death, as they do rats in Ireland.

Dem. Good words.
There's no resistance to the laws of Fate.
This sublunary world must yeeld obediencie
To the celestiall vertues. *Afor.* One thing more
I would desire to know: Whether my spouse
That shall be, be immaculate. I do be loth
To marry an Advowson that has had
Other incumbents. *Dem.* I'll resolve you instantly.
The Dragons-tail stands where the head should be:
A shrew'd suspicion, —she has been strongly tempted.

Afor. The Dragons-tail puts me in a horrible fear.

I feel a kinde of a fling in my head already.

Dem. And Mars being landlord of th'eleventh house,
Plac'd in the Ram and Scorpion, plainly signifies
The maid has been in love; but the Aspect
Being without reception, layes no guilt
Of act upon her.

Afor. I shall be jealous presently:
For the Ram is but an ill signe in the head;
And you know what Scorpio aims at in the Almanack.

Dem. But when I see th' Ascendent and his Lord,
With the good Moon in angles and fixt signes,
I do conclude her virgin pure and spotlesse.

Afor. I thank th' Ascendent, and his noble Lord;
He shall be welcome to my house at any time,
And so shall mistresse Moon, with all her angles,
And her fixt signes. But how come you to know
All this for certain? *Dem.* Sir, the learned Cabalists,
And all the Chaldees do conclude it lawfull:

As *Afla*, *Barnch*, and *Abobali*,
Cancaph, *Toz*, *Areaphan*, and *Albuar*,
Gafar, with *Hali*, *Hippocras*, and *Lensuo*,
With *Bon*, *Benesaphan*, and *Albnabees*.

Afor. Are *Afla*, *Barnch*, and *Abobali*,
With all the rest o'th' Jury, men of credit?

Dem. Their words shall go as farre i'th' Zodiack, Sir,
As anothers bond. *Afor.* I am beholding to 'um.
Another scruple yet, —— I would have children too,
Children to dote on, Sir, when I grow old,
Such as will spend when I am dead and gone,
And make me have such fine dreams in my grave.

Dem. Sir, y're a happy man. I do not see
In all your horoscope one signe masculine;
For such portend sterility. *Afor.* How's that man?
Is't possible for any man to ha' children
Without a signe masculine? *Dem.* Sir, you mistake me:
You are not yet initiate. The Almutes
Of the Ascendent is not elevated

Above

Above the Almutes of the filiall house.
 Venus is free, and Jove not yet combust:
 And then the signifier being lodg'd
 In warty signes, the Scorpion, Crab, and Fish,
 Foreshow a numerous issue of both sexes.
 And Mercury in's exaltations
 Plac'd in their angles, and their points successive,
 Beholds the Lords of the Triplicity
 Unhindered in their influence. You were born
 Under a getting constellation,
 A fructifying starre. —Sir, I pronounce you
 A joyfull father. *Afor.* Happy be the houre
 I met with thee. I le ha' thee live with me.
 Thou shalt be my domesticall Astronomer.
 I have a brace of Poets as fit as may be,
 To furnish thee with verses for each moneth.
 Sir, since the gracious starres do promise me
 So numerous a troupe of sonnes and daughters,
 'Tis fit I should have my means in my own hands
 To provide for 'um all: therefore I fain would know
 Whether my father be —long-liv'd, or no:

Dem. The planet Mars is Orientall now
 To Saturn; but in reference to the Sun
 He beares a Westerly position.
 Which Ylem linking Saturn with the Sun
 In opposition, both sinisterly
 Fall'n from their corners, plainly signifies
 He cannot long survive. *Afor.* Why, who can help it?
 There's no resistance to the laws of Fate:
 This sublunary world must yeeld obedience
 To the celestiall vertues. —Wert not providence
 To bespeak mourning clokes against the funerall?

Dem. 'Tis good to be in readines. *Afor.* If thou be
 So cunning a prophet, tell me; Do I mean
 To entertain thee for my wizard?

Dem. Sir,
 I do not see the least Azymenes;

Or planetary hindrance. Alceo'den I told to astur'd A silv'ry A
Tells me you will. *Afor.* Tell Alceo'den then, what if he do? /
He is ith' right. Thrasimachus, Hyperbolus! (Enter Thrasimachus.)
We have increas'd our family, see him eas'd! d. Hyperbolus.
He is a man of merit, and can prophesie.

Thrasimachus. We'l drench him in the welcome of the either,
And trie if he can prophesie who falls first.

Afor. How will the world admis me, when they see
My house an Academic', all the arts
Wait at my table, every man of quality
Take sanctuary here! I will be patron
To twenty libertall sciences.

SCEN. III.

Aforus, Ballio.

Ball. A Fair sunne
Shine on the happy bridegroom. *Afor.* Quondam
Tutor,
(For I am past all cution but my wifes)
Thanks for your wifhes, have you studied yet
How with one charge (for ceremonious charge
I care not for) I may exprefse my grief
At the sad funerals of my friends deceas'd;
And yet proclaim with how much joy I wed
The beauteous Phryne? *Ball.* I have beat my brain
To finde out a right garb; & weare these two clokes.
This sable garment, forsooth Liverie,
Speaks funerall: this richer robs of joy,
Says 'tis a nuptiall solemnitie.

Afor. A cholee device.—He practise. *Ball.* Rarely well.

SCEN. IIIIR.

Aforus, Ballio, Simo.

Simo. Good morrow boy: how flows thy bloud, Aforus;
Upon thy wedding day? is it spring-tide?
Find it.

Find'st thou an active courage in thy bones?
 Wilt thou at night create me Cesadard ha?
 O, I remember with what slighty courage
 I bedded thy old mother, and that night
 Bid fair for thee boy: how I curs'd the ceremonies,
 And thought the yongsters scrambld for my points
 Too slowly: 'Twas a happy night, Alosus.

Afot. How sad a day is this! methinks the sunne
 Affrighted with our sorrows, shoudl sun back
 Into his Eastern palace, and for ever
 Sleep in the lap of Thetis. Can he shew
 A glorious beam when Tyndarus is dead,
 And fair Techneffia? I will weep a floud
 Deep as Deucalions; and again the Chaos
 Shall mifue up the lamentable world
 In sable clokes of grief and black confusion!

Sim. What ailes my boy? unseasonable grief
 Shall not disturb thy nuptials. —— Good Alosus,
 Be not so passionate. *Bell.* What incomparable mirth
 Would such a dotard and his humerous sonne
 Make in a Comedie, if a learned pen
 Had the expreſſion! *Afot.* Now the tothir cloke.
 In what a verdant weed the spring arayes
 Fresh Tellus ind: how Flora decks the fields
 With all her tapeſtry t: and the Choristers
 Of every grove chaunt Carolls! Mirth is come
 To visit mortalls. Every thing is blithe,
 Jocund, and joviall. All the gods arrive
 To grace our nuptials. Let us sing and dance,
 That heaven may fee our revells, and send down
 The planets in a Masque, the more to grace
 This dayes solemnitie. *Sim.* I, this Alosus,
 There's musick boy in this. *Afot.* Now this cloke again.
 You Gods, you overload mortalitie,
 And preſſe our ſhoulders with too great a weight
 Of diſmall miseries. All conſcience is fild
 With Tyndarus and Techneffia, Ravens croak.

About my house ill-boding shreeci-owls sing
 Epithalamiums to my spouse and me.
 Can I dream pleasures, or expect to taste
 The comforts of the married bed, when Tyndarus
 And fair Techmessa from the world are gone?
 No, pardon me you gentle ghosts; I vow
 To cloister up my grief in some dark cell:
 And there till grief shall close my blubber'd eyes,
 Weep forth repentance. *Sim.* Sure he is distracted!
Afotus. do not grieve so, all thy sorrows
 Are doubled in thy father! Pity me,
 If not thy self; O pity these gray hairs,
 Pity my age, *Afotus.* *Afot.* What a silly fellow
 My father is, that knows not which cloke speaks?
 Father, you do forget this is our nuptiall.
 Cast off those trophies of your wealthy beggerie,
 And clad your self in rich and splendid weeds,
 Such as become my father: Do not blemish
 Our dignity with rags. Appear to day
 As glorious as the sunne. Set forth your self
 In your bright lustre. *Sim.* So I will, my boy:
 Was there ever father so fortunate in a childe?

Exit Sim.

Afot. Do not I vary with decorum, Ballio?
Ball. I do not think but Proteus, Sir, begot you
 On a Chameleon. *Afot.* Nay, I know my mother
 Was a Chameleon, for my father allowed her
 Nothing but aire to feed on.

SCEN. V.

Ballio, Afotus, Phryne.

Phryne. Rises Aurora with a happy light
 On my Afotus? *Afot.* Beauteous Phryne, welcome:
 Although the dragons tail may scandall thee,
 And Mars corrupt the Scorpion and the Ramme;
 Yet the good Moon in angles and fixt signes
 Gives thee a good report. *Phryne.* What means my deare?

Afot.

Afot. Thy deare, my beauteous Phryne, means the same
With *Hals*, *Barnab* and *Abobal*,
Caucasp, *Toz*, *Archapban*, and *Albusas*,
Gafar, with *Afia*, *Hippocras*, and *Lencno*,
With *Ben*, *Benesaphan*, and *Albubetez*.

Phryn. I fear you ha' studied the black art of late?

Afot. Ah Girtle! Th'—— Almutes of the filiall house
Is not depress'd, Venus is free, and Jove
Not yet combust: the signes are watry signes,
And Mercury beholds the trine aspect
Unhinder'd in his influence. *Phryn.* What of all this?

Afot. We shall have babies plenty: I am grown
Learned of late. Go Phryne, be in readinesse,
I long to tie the knote at night we'l make
A young Afotus. *Phryn.* Health attend you, Sir. Exit *Phryn.*

SCEN. VI.

Dypas, *Tyndarus*, *Eavadne*, *Pamphilus*, *Techmess*a,
Afotus, *Ballio*, *Phronesum*, *Priests* and *sacrifice*,
and *Hymens statue discovered*.

Afot. **T**yndarus living? here take this cloke away, Ballio:
We have no use on't. *Ball.* The more sorrow's mine.
Tyn. How does my friend Afotus? *Afot.* You are welcome
From the dead, Sir: I hope our friends in Elysium
Are in good health. *Tyn.* Ballio, I thank you heartily
You had an honest and religious care
To see us both well buried. *Ball.* I shall be hang'd. Exit.

The song and sacrifice.

Priest. Hymen, thou God of union, with smooth brow
Accept our pious Orgies. Thou that tieſt
Hearts in a knot, and link'ſt in ſacred chains
The mutuall souls of Lovers, may it please
Thy Deitie, to admit into the number
Of thy chaſte votaries this bleſſed pair.
Mercy you Gods, the ſtage turns away.

(He prefants Tyndarus and Eavadne.

Tyn.

The year 1600.

Tyn. Why should this be? The season is apparent
Evdne has been false, and the chaste deitie
Abhorres the sacrifice of a sparcled soul.
Go thou dissembler, mask thy self in modesty,
Weare vertue for a veil, and paint false bloudes
On thy adulterate cheeke. Though thou mayst cozen
The eyes of man, and cheate the purblinde world,
Heaven has a piercing sight. *Hymen,* I thankefrice;
Thou stoppedst my footslipping into the gulf.
How neare was I damnation! *Evd.* Gentle Hymen,
What sinne have I unwillingly committed
To call heavens anger on me? *Priest.* If there be
A secret guilt in these that hath offended.

Thy mighty godhead, will thou please to presse. *He presseus Pam.*
Tyn. ether knot? *The Seame summagain!* *Pam.* & *Tchmefla*
What prodiges are these! *Pam.* Celestiall powers,
You tyrannize o're man: and you affaine.
To ask you why you wrong us. *Tchb.* Cunning Pamphilus,
Though like a snake, you couldest your self in flowers,
The gods can finde your lurking, and bemy
The spotted skin. *Priest.* Above this twenty yeares
Have I ministered on thy sacred Temple;
Yer never sawn thee so incor'd, dread Hymen.

Tyn. To finish the season, will you please to proffer
These to his godhead? *Priest.* Will thy godhead daigne
These two the blessings of the genital shee? *He presseus Pam.*
He beckens'um. *Tyn.* I, there the faith is plighted. *Pam. and Evdne*
False Pamphilus, the honour of the temple,
And the respect I bear religion,
Cannot protect thee. I will stain the stars,
And sparkle every starre in the shene.
With treacherous bloud. *Priest.* Provoke not Joves just thunders.

Tyn. Well, you may take Evdne, heaven give you joy.
Pamp. Religion is m'scre juggling. This is nothing
But the Priests knaverie: a kinde of holy trick
To gain their superstitio[n] credit. *Hymen,*
Why dost thou turn away thy head? I feare

Thy

Thy bashfull driticke is ashamed to look. A woman in the face. If so, I pardon thee; if not, If out of spight thou cross me, know, weak godhead, and will. I'le teach mankinde a custome that shall bring al being under Thy altars to neglect. Lovers shall couple, As other creatures, —— freely, and ne're stand Upon the tedious ceremonie —— Marriage. And then thou Priest mayst starve. Who in your temple Will light a —— Cere-candle, or for incense burne any stinkell A grain of frankincense? Chrem. Heaven instruct our soules To finde the secret mysterie! Aſot. I have enterauld One that by Ylem and Aldeboran, With the Almutes, can tell any thing. I'le fetch him hither: he shall resolve you.

Exit Aſot.

Chrem. Man is a ſhip that fails with adverſe windes, And has no haven till he land at death. Then when he thinks his handfaſt grasp the bank, Comes a rude billow betwixt him and faſtie, And beats him back into the deep again.

SCEN. VIII.

Enter Aſot, Demetrius: manent ceteri.

Aſot. Here's another figure to caſt, Sir. Theſe two Gentlemen And he ſhould have Evadne: and this Pamphilus, That has a moneths-minde to Techneſia; but that Hymen Looks with a wry-neck at him. If the Aſcendant With all his radiations and aspects Know any thing, —— here's one that can unſold it. I muſt go fit my ſelf for mine own wedding.

Dem. Fly from the temple you unſhallowed troupe, That dare present your ſinnes for ſacrifice Before the gods! Chrem. What ſhould this language mean?

Dem. Think you that heaven will ever ſigne a grant To

To your incestuous matches? Chrem. How incestuous?
 Dem. This is not Tyndarus, but Demetrius sonne,
 Call'd Clinias, and fair Evadnes brother.
 Evadne trusted in exchange to Chremylus,
 For young Timarchus, whom Demetrius took
 With him to Athens, when he fled from Thebes
 To save the infants from the monstres jaws.
 The cruel Minotaur. Marvell not the gods fit. I wot not
 Forbid the bances, when in each match is incest.

Chrem. I wonder he should know this. *Tyn.* I am amaz'd.

Dem. I will confirm your faith. *Tyn.* My father? He puts off

Pam. My father? *Dem.* But truly y^e his disguise

Dem. No, good Timarchus, ask thy blessing there. Sir, if I not mistake me, you are Chremylus. Pray let me see that ring. — Sir, I must challenge it, And in requitall will return you this,

Chrem. Demetrius! Welcome. Now my joyes are full, When I behold my sonne and my old friend.

Dem. Which is Evadne? Blessings on thy head. Now Chremylus, let us conclude a marriage As we at first intended; my Clinias With your Technessa, and your sonne Timarchus With my Evadne. *Chrem.* Heaven has decreed it so.

Dem. Are the young *Pam.* Evad. The will of heaven people pleas'd? *Tyn.* Tech. Must be obey'd. *Dem.* Now try if Hymen please To end all troubles in a happy marriage.

Priest. Hymen, we thank thee, and will crown thy head With all the glorious chaplets of the Spring, The first-born kid, and fatten'd of our bullocks Shall bleed upon thy altars / if it be his appointment. Lawfull to sacrifice in bloud to thee, That art the means to life) cause thy provident mercie. Prevented this incestuous match. Daigne now Propitious looks to this more holy knot, This virgin offers up her un-touch'd zone, And vows chaste love to Clinias. All joy to you, The fair Evadne too is come to hang

Her

Her maiden-girdle at thy sacred shrine,
And vows her self constant to the embraces
Of young Timarchus.—Happiness wait on both!

Tys. I see our jealous thoughts were not in vain.
Nature abhorring from so foul a sinne,
Infus'd those doubts into us.

SCEN. VIII.

*Enter Astarte in arms with a drum and trumpet, attended
by Thrasimachus, Hyperb. Bone. Char. Simo. Phryne.*

Astot. If there be any Knight that dares lay claim
To beauteous Phryne,—(as I hope there's none)
I dare him to th' encounter; let him meet me
Here in the lists.—If he be wise he dare not,
But will consider danger in the action.
I'll winne her with my sword.—mistake me not,
I challenge no man. He who dares pretend
A title to a hair, —shall sup with Pluto:
'Twere cooler supping in another place.
No champion yet appeare? —I would fain fight.

Phron. Sir, if you want a champion, I am for you.

Astot. I ha' no quarrell to thee, Amazon.

Phron. I must have a husband too, and I will have a husband; I,
and I will have you: I can hold out no longer: I am weary of eat-
ing choak and coals, and begin to dislike the feeding on oat-meal.
The thought of so many marriages together has almost lost my
maiden-head.

Astot. Why, thou shalt have my father: though he be old,
He's rich, and will maintaio thee bravely. Dad,
What think you on't? *Simo.* Thou'l make me, boy, too happy.
She shall have any thing. *Phron.* You will let me make
My own conditions. *Simo.* What thou wilt, my girle.

Phron. I will feed high, go rich, have my six horses,
And my embroyder'd coach, ride where I list,
Have all the gallants in the town to visit me,
Maintain a pair of little legs to go
On idle messages to all the Madams.

You shall deny no Gentleman entertainment.
And when we kiss and toy, be it your cue
To nod and fall asleep. *Tyn.* With all my heart,
Afot. Then take him *Girle*, he will not trouble thee long.

For Mars being orientall unto Saturn,
And occidental to the Sunne, proclaims
He is short-liv'd. *Phryne.* Well Sir, for want of a better,
I am content to take you. *Afot.* Joyn 'um, Priest.

Priest. Thus I conjoyn you in religious bands.

Afot. Now usher Phryne to my amorous arms.

Priest. The generous Afotus and fair Phrync
Present their vows unto thes gracieous Hymen.

Sext. I forbid the banes. *Aspè.* I forbid the banes. (They speak
one of the
coffins.)

Afot. And can there be no weddings without prodigious
This is th' impediment, the Azymenes
Or Planetary hindrance threatned me.
By the Almutes of the seventh house,
In an aspect of Tetraxon radiation,
If Luna now be corporally joyn'd,
I may o'recomendh' averseness of my flares.

Tyn. Sir, as you clear'd our doubts, I will clearre yours.
See you these ghosts? Well Sexton, take heed hereafter
How you rob the dead; some of 'um may cozen you.

Sext. Pardon me, Sir; I seriously vow
Henceforth to rob no creature but the living.

Tyn. Well, you shall booh fast to-night, and take penance at the
lower end of the table in these sheets, and that shall be your pu-
nishment.

Afot. Phryne, I take thee for my loving spouse.

Phryne. And I take you for my obedient husband.

Priest. And I conclude the tie. *Afot.* Ha, you sweet rogue!

SCEN. IX.

Enter Ballio with a halter about his neck.

Afot. **W**hy how now Tutor, a rope about your neck?
I have heard, that hanging and marrying go by de-
stiny; But

But I never thought they had come together before.

Bell. I have cast a serious thought upon my guilt,
And finde my self an accant rogue. The gallows
Was all the inheritance I was ever born to.

E'ne use me as you please.

Afot. Pray, Sir, let me beg my Tutors pardon.—

Spare him to day: for when the night comes on,
There's sweeter executions to be done.

Tyn. You have prevail'd. No man be sad to day.
Come, you shall dine with mee. *Afot.* Pardon me, Sir:
I will not have it said by the malicious, that I eat at another mans
table the first day I set up house-keeping. No, you shall all
go home and dine with me.

Tyn. Come then: our joyes are ripen'd to perfection.
Let us give heaven the praiile, and all confessle,
There is a difference 'twixt the jealousie
Of those that wooc, and those that wedded be.
This will hatch vipers in the nuptiall bed,
But that prevents the aking of the head. *Exeunt cum choro can-*
tantium in laud, Hym.

Epilogus.

Afotus, Astrologer.

Afot. How now? Will our endeavours give satisfaction?

Astro. I finde by the horoscope, and the elevation
of the bright Aldeboran, a Sextile opposition; and that th'Al-
mutes is inclining to the enemies house.

Afot. Away with your Almutes, Horoscopes, Elevations,
Aldeborans, Sextiles, and Oppositions. I have an art of mine
own to cast this figure by.

THe Lovers now Jealous of nothing be
But your acceptance of their Comedie.
I question not heavens influence: for here
I behold Angels of as high a Sphere.
You are the starres I gaze at, we shall finde
Our labours blest, if your Aspects be kinde,